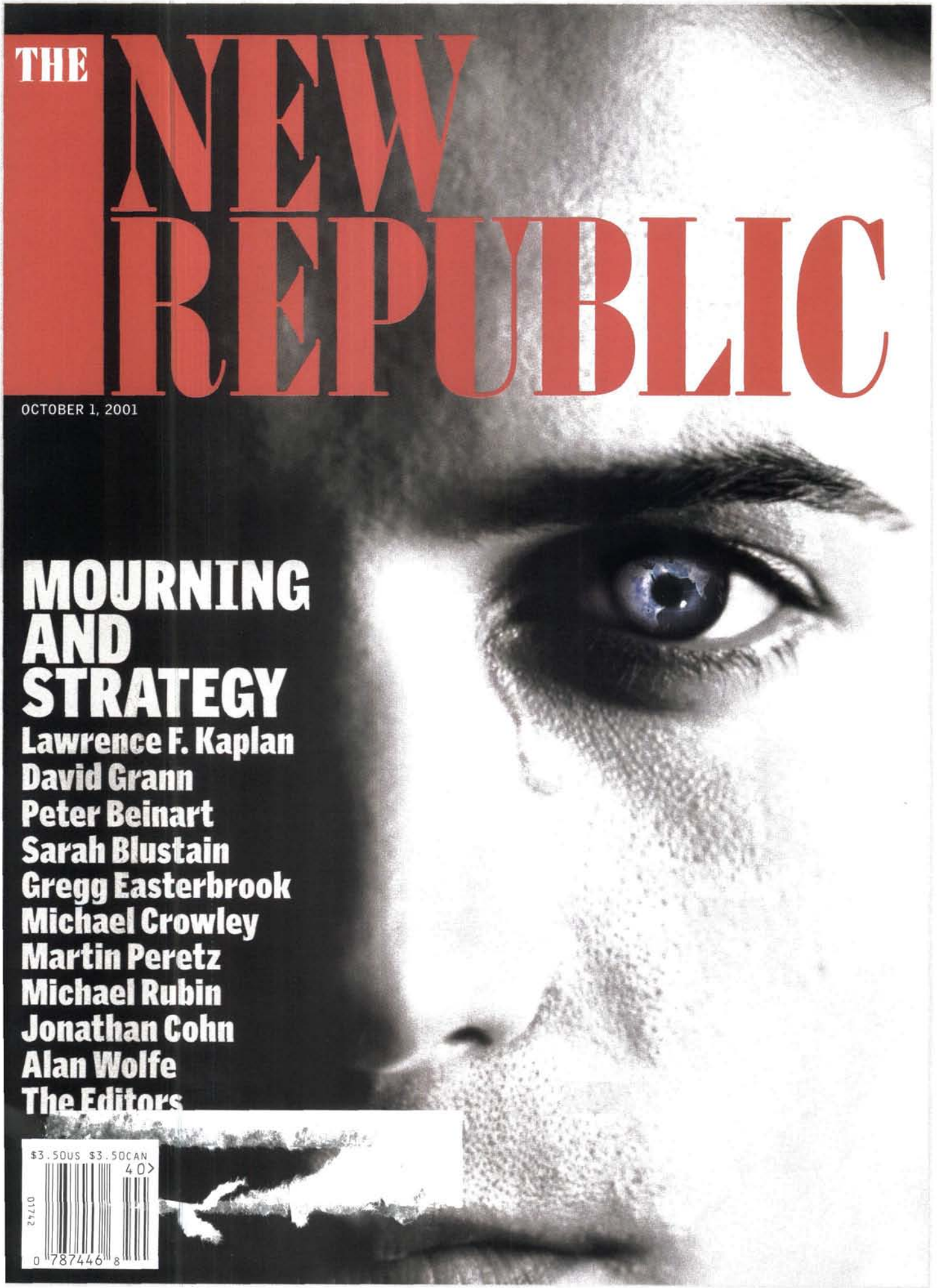
THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 1, 2001



# MOURNING AND STRATEGY

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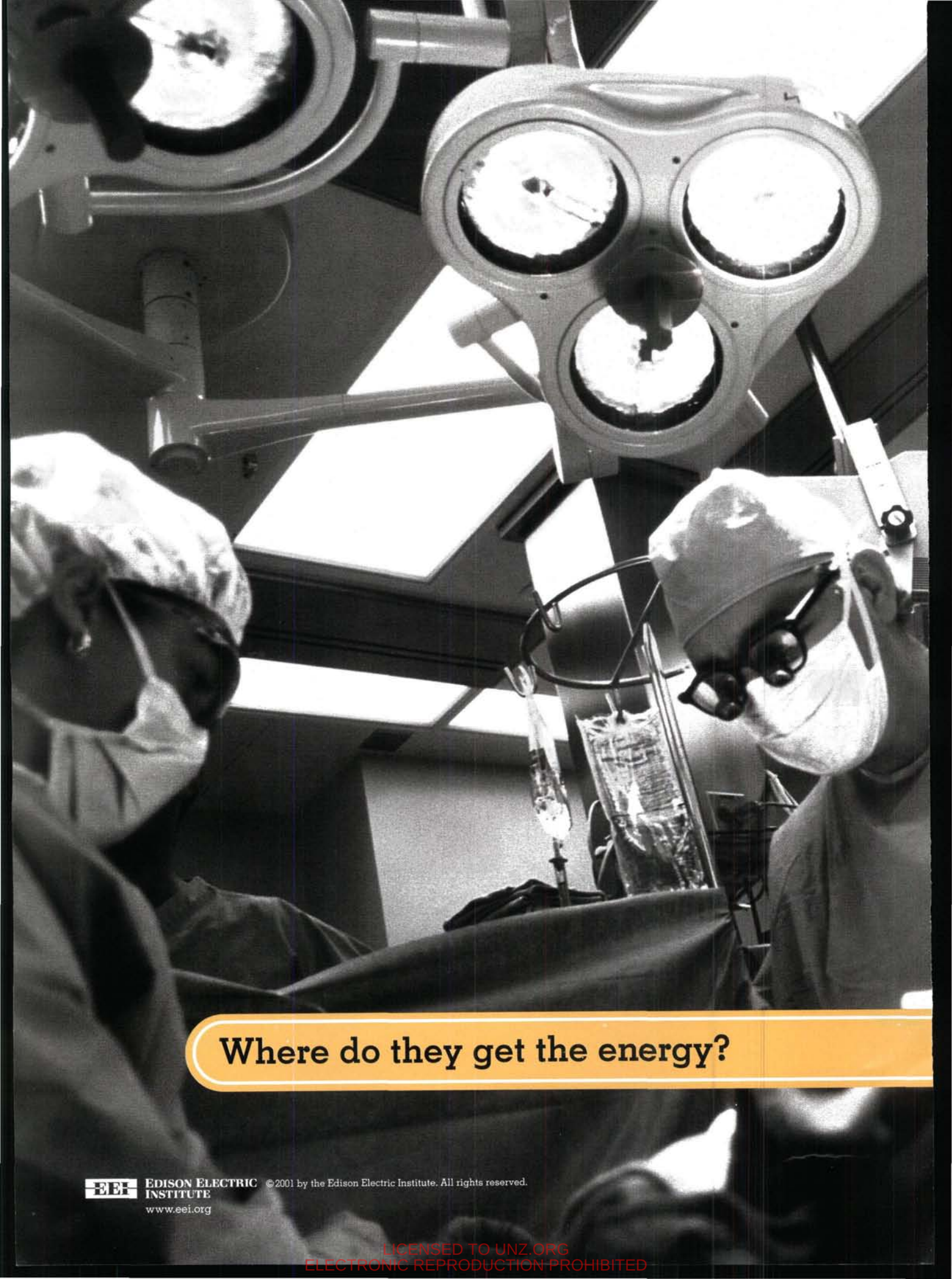


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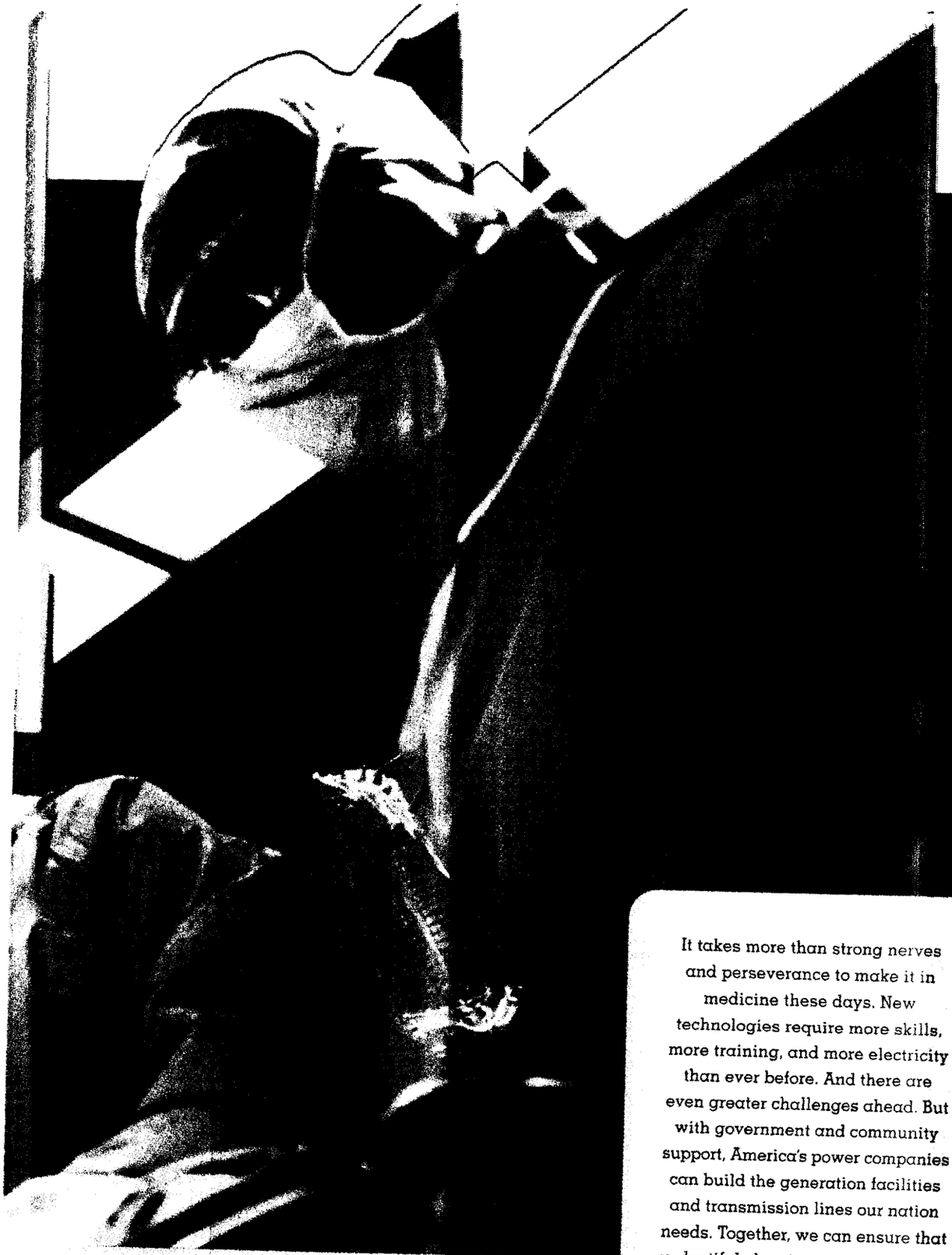

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
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# CORRESPONDENCE

*The New Republic has received numerous readers' responses to our coverage of the September 11 attacks on New York and Washington and their aftermath. The letters that follow were received in response to articles printed in TNR and posted at www.thenewrepublic.com as the week's events unfolded. They replace our regularly scheduled correspondence this week.*

## Made in America

To the editors:

I was saddened to read your interpretation of the lessons to be learned from this week's tragedy ("It Happened Here," September 24). As you see it, the hatred directed against the United States comes from the hatred of freedom, privacy, prosperity, democracy, modernity—in short, only our virtues inspire hatred, so we need not change anything about ourselves while we hunt down our enemies. You fail to grasp that the very meaning of America is being grappled with, and, I believe, transformed. Many of us look around and see that for all the talk of liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness, the actions are weighted toward environmental destruction, corporate arrogance, mindless materialism, and decaying democracy. America must stand for something quite different. In the courage to change lies the hope for an America that will earn the respect and affection of people everywhere.

Keshini Ladduwahetty
*Washington, D.C.*

To the editors:

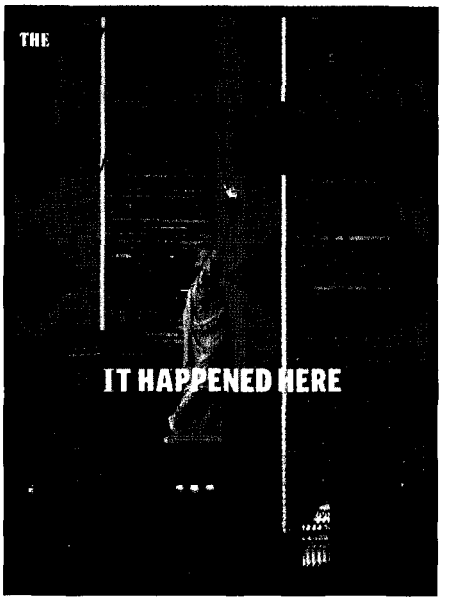
As an American subscriber living in England, I thank the editors for their just and accurate response to the recent atrocities. Here, there is a sad dearth of sensible or moral response. The same voices, ubiquitous in the press and on the BBC, which all year have been preaching against Israel and excusing mass murder as a legitimate expression of Palestinian grievance, are now gloating that we got what we deserved for our pernicious foreign policy. There have been British voices of common sense, human sympathy, and just outrage, but they are only heard dimly amid the anti-American blather.

Michael Weingrad
*Leeds, England*

## Time to choose

To the editors:

The IMF-World Bank meetings Peter Beinart frets about have been canceled. But he makes a provocative argument in his September 24 TRB column ("Sidelines"): that globalization protesters should make "a prior statement of national solidarity," and




make clear "a choosing of sides."

Perhaps they should indeed declare that their often harsh criticisms of American capitalism and foreign policy do not imply excusing mass terrorism. But why stop with the protesters? Scant days after the September 11 attacks, for example, millions of readers around the world were treated to an article bewailing America's role in upholding an unjust global status quo, and warning that "The resourceful poor won't accept their status passively, but try to change it." Understandably, the writer continued, worldwide resentments have mounted against the United States, whose sins consist of "luxuriating in the prosperity of the past 20 years," insisting "on preserving the right to go it alone whenever we've had that urge," pursuing its national interests "regardless of the wishes of others," skimping on foreign aid, and rejecting global political and moral imperatives like the land-mine treaty and the Kyoto global warming pact.

The writer? Robert G. Kaiser, associate editor at *The Washington Post*. I await Beinart's call for a loyalty oath from Kaiser and from the mainstream media's other guilt-ridden liberals, too.

Alan Tonelson
*Research Fellow*
*U.S. Business and Industry Council Educational Foundation*
*Washington, D.C.*

To the editors:

It was with some despair that I read Peter Beinart's "Sidelines." I am saddened that you chose the lowest common denominator of journalism, presenting out-of-context, cherry-picked quotes from *www.urban75.com*, while ignoring the dozens of posts condemning this dreadful atrocity out of hand. Rarely have I seen such misrepresentation.

Mike Slocombe
*Editor*
*urban75 ezine*
*London, England*

To the editors:

Peter Beinart is right to take the anti-globalism protesters to task for their callowness, callousness, and intellectual incapacity; but in all fairness, TNR needs to take note of the equally putrid nonsense issuing from the right. Ann Coulter and David Horowitz have been all too eager to spread their venom, and Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson have sunk to new depths of moral obtuseness, saying that gays, abortion providers, and so on, bear partial responsibility for the horrors of September 11. Beinart rightly chastises the left for its failure to recognize that the United States was not the author of this evil. The right is equally guilty of this failure, and deserves the same.

Harris Collingwood
*Cambridge, Massachusetts*

To the editors:

Anti-globalization is largely a media term to discredit the current movement. Calling it the globalization movement is much more accurate since much of the emphasis is on building international ties between diverse groups of people and identifying common elements of their various situations. Because Beinart does not understand the common thrust of the various components of the globalization movement, he cannot understand the motives of someone like Jose Bove. Instead of ignoring the plight of indigenous farmers in the Third World, Bove has repeatedly sought to find common cause with them, citing, for instance, the proliferation of genetically modified organisms and the desirability of locally grown produce.

It is true that the globalization movement—as with any broad-based social movement—has many diverse strands with different tones and voices, even the occasional contradictory goal.

Beinart's emphasis on America precisely misses the point. It is not America that is the problem (or, for that matter, the answer); it is the extent to which America, Europe, or any nation instantiates universal principles regarding human rights, international law, and economic and social practices that work to the overall detriment of humankind.

Joshua Kilroy
*Chicago, Illinois*
*continued on page 45*



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# Should coerced treatment replace prison for first time, non-violent drug offenders?

Yes for situations where drug use is out of control. But most people who use drugs do so socially and in moderation. This applies the same to marijuana, cocaine and heroin as it does to alcohol.

The federal government estimates:

- **87 million Americans have used illegal drugs** [1]
- **27 million used them last year** [1]
- **3.6 million are dependent on an illegal drug** [2]

Forcing a moderate drug user into treatment is like putting someone who drinks a bottle of beer or a glass of wine a day into Alcoholics Anonymous!

**Providing treatment where needed is vital. But so is reform of harsh laws; federal funding of syringe exchanges; expanded methadone availability; marijuana as a medicine; and recognition of the racial, ethnic, class, and generational prejudices at the roots of our current drug laws.**

**Kevin B. Zeese, President, Common Sense for Drug Policy**
3220 N Street NW #141, Washington, D.C. 20007
www.csdp.org * www.drugwarfacts.org
info@csdp.org * 703-354-9050 * fax 703-354-5695

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***Sources:***

1: "Summary of Findings from the 1999 National Household Survey on Drug Abuse," Office of Applied Studies, Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, US Dept. of Health and Human Services (Washington, DC: SAMHSA, August 2000), p. G5, Table G5. (Lifetime use, any illicit drug: 87,734,000; Use in past year, any illicit drug, 26,220,000.)

2: "Summary of Findings from the 1999 National Household Survey on Drug Abuse," Office of Applied Studies, Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, US Dept. of Health and Human Services (Washington, DC: SAMHSA, August 2000), p. 36. ("In 1999, an estimated 3.6 million Americans [1.6 percent of the total population age 12 and older] were dependent on illicit drugs.")

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# TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

## Fault Lines

COMING HOME LAST Friday night, I stumbled upon a candlelight vigil. Hundreds of my Dupont Circle neighbors were walking gravely down Q Street, holding signs and dispensing leaflets. As I stopped to watch, a man pulled up on his bicycle, surveyed the scene, and began to scream. "Why don't you just commit suicide?" he yelled at the marchers. A policeman rushed over and tried to quiet him down: "None of that," he said, "this is a vigil. No politics." "My brother died in New York," the man answered, "and these fuckers. . ." And then he sped off.

But the policeman was wrong. What the bicyclist had noticed was that the placards all said things like, "No Eye for an Eye," and "No More War." A leaflet demanded "No further U.S. violence." ("Further," a nice touch.) The cop's "no politics" plea was wishful thinking. In fact, this country's days-long hiatus from politics is already over. And the political debate that will frame the coming weeks is clear: Has America oppressed the Muslim world? Or, stated differently, does America have the moral authority to go to war?

*The Nation* answered almost immediately. "[T]his is not really the war of democracy versus terror that the world will be asked to believe in the coming days," wrote Robert Fisk in the magazine's October 1 issue. "It is also about US missiles smashing into Palestinian homes and US helicopters firing missiles into a Lebanese ambulance in 1996 and American shells crashing into a village called Qana and about a Lebanese militia—paid and uniformed by America's Israeli ally—hacking and raping and murdering their way through refugee camps." In other words, it's about America's support for Israel.

The left has proved remarkably creative over the years at blaming virtually any Middle Eastern malfeasance—from Iraq's invasion of Kuwait to repression in the Arab world—on the Jewish State. And Fisk continues that tradition, suggesting that the "hacking and raping and murdering" at the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps helped provoke last week's attacks—even though Sabra and Shatila took place in 1982, when Osama bin Laden had not yet turned against the U.S. and was actually fighting side by side with the CIA in Afghanistan. (Fisk further illustrates his idiosyncratic theory of history when he writes, "Our broken promises, perhaps even our destruction of the Ottoman Empire[!], led inevitably to this tragedy.")

But if blaming terrorism on America's alliance with Israel was always tricky, today it is downright bizarre. After all, over the last year and a half, Washington has pushed Israel into offering the Palestinians a state in almost all of the West Bank and Gaza, with its capital in Jerusalem, and helped convince Israel to withdraw from Lebanon. It is a good barometer of Fisk's intellectual honesty that he says Muslims are right to hate America because of Israel's occupation of southern Lebanon, but neglects to mention that, thanks in part to America, Israel no longer occupies southern Lebanon.

Then there is Fisk's second example of American oppression of Muslims: U.S. sanctions against Iraq. It is now conventional wisdom among American liberals that the Muslim world has every right to be enraged by our vicious policy toward the people of Iraq. In news articles about Arab anti-Americanism after the attack, *The Boston Globe* wrote that sanctions have caused "widespread suffering among Iraqis," and *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* explained that they are responsible for "malnutrition and disease." But both these statements are false. As Michael Rubin noted in these pages ("Food Fight," June 18), Kurdish-controlled northern Iraq—which is subject to exactly the same sanctions as the rest of the country—suffers virtually no malnutrition. In fact, infant mortality rates in the North are *lower* than they were before the Gulf war. That's because, under revised UN sanctions, Iraq is now the world's second largest exporter of oil, and those exports provide Kurdish authorities plenty of revenue to buy medicines and food. The reason children elsewhere in the country go hungry is that Saddam resells needed supplies in order to fund his military. In recent years the United States has actually intercepted several Iraqi ships *exporting* food.

But perhaps the most pitiful thing about Fisk and *The Nation*'s efforts to rationalize bin Laden's hatred of the United States is that they don't even correspond to what bin Laden himself says. (The left had this problem during the cold war, too—Moscow was always changing its script without informing its apologists in the West.) Longtime bin Laden watchers know he has never been especially concerned with the plight of the Palestinians. In a 1998 paper by Ely Karmon for the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, Abdel-Bari Atwan, editor of London's *Al-Quds al-Arabi* newspaper, noted that bin Laden "has been criticized in the Arab world" for his relative indifference to the "Palestinian issue." Nor has bin Laden been a big supporter of Saddam. When the Iraqi dictator invaded Kuwait, bin Laden actually offered to send his men to defend Saudi Arabia *against* Iraq.

In bin Laden's mind, America's greatest offense—by far—is its military presence in his home country of Saudi Arabia. (The bin Laden-sponsored attacks on U.S. embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam occurred on the eighth anniversary of the dispatch of U.S. troops to the Gulf.) And that's a harder line for Western leftists to peddle. Because bin Laden isn't upset at the United States for bolstering Riyadh's oppressive policies—after all, the Saudi government's views on individual freedom and the status of women roughly mirror his own. Bin Laden is upset simply because non-Muslims live in the Holy Land around Mecca and Medina. His first priority is banishing Christians and Jews from Saudi Arabia. And his second priority is banishing Christians and Jews from every other Muslim country. As he told ABC News in 1998, "Allah ordered us in this religion to purify Muslim land of all non-believers, and especially the Arabian Peninsula."

When you think about it, this is not a very original idea. Although everyone is calling our struggle with bin Laden a "new war," in many ways it is a continuation of the same war the United States has been fighting since 1989. Bin Laden, after all, is an ethnic cleanser. And the United States is the only powerful country on Earth willing to take up arms to make sure that people of different religions and races can live together. The main difference between September 11 and what came before is that bin Laden desires ethnic cleansing on a scale far greater than the Hutus and the Serbs, a scale that has only one true twentieth century parallel.

If Fisk and *The Nation* really want to argue that America brought the World Trade Center attack on itself, they shouldn't delude themselves. They are not defending the Palestinians' right to a state or the Iraqis' right to medicine. They are defending a Muslim's right not to live with a non-Muslim. And in so doing they are renouncing this country's most sacred principles—principles that saved countless Muslim lives in Bosnia and Kosovo in the 1990s. When the left assembles at its candlelight vigils and peace marches in the coming weeks, let it proclaim this honestly. And other Americans will survey the scene, and scream.

PETER BEINART



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# Mourning and Strategy

**AN AUTUMN OF TEARS is upon us. The funerals have begun. There will be no miracles; there will be only DNA tests, and agonies, and eulogies, and theodicies; and then the injured lifetimes will begin. A New York minute now lasts an eternity. The grief comes in many forms. People saw things and heard things that cursed their consciousness,** and ways must be found to lift the curse. Even television left scars: never was the distance between the screen and the world so completely annulled. So trauma is everywhere, near and far. The debris will have to be cleared out of psyches, the reconstruction of hearts will have to begin. It is time for our notoriously therapeutic culture to show its stuff. Do the dead sleep? It is more certain that the living do not sleep. We are a society of the haunted, awaiting the healing arts and the healing sciences.

But we must be careful. We must not therapeutize ourselves back into the world before September 11. We must not grief-counsel our fury away. The promptings of American psychology must not interfere with the promptings of American security. For our sorrow is not the only challenge that we face. This mourning is not like other mourning. In the aftermath of natural death or natural disaster, it is wise to teach the stricken the lesson of acceptance, to instruct them tenderly that this is the way of the world. Against natural death and natural disaster, it is foolish and hurtful to rebel. But the atrocity of September 11 can never be accepted as the way of the world. Against such loss it is foolish and hurtful *not* to rebel. The only solace is strategy. We cannot permit ourselves, like mourners in decent times, to withdraw from the world for the duration of our pain. Quite the contrary. In the hour of our excruciation, we must throw ourselves into the world in a storm of engagement. Our safety and our dignity obligate us to do so. And so a harsh measure of emotional efficiency is demanded of Americans. The broken must behave as if they are whole. What happened in New York and Washington was not a tragedy that should leave us feeling philosophical; it was an aggression that should leave us feeling historical. We must return from our memorial services with practical thoughts.

It is not heartless to resist the sentimentalization of our situation; it is a condition of effective action. Anyway, there is no danger of not feeling in America. But there is a danger that the resolve that is now required for the defense of how we live will slowly be overwhelmed by the delight of how we live. No, we are not going to war the way we once went to war. The long shadow of the Hindu Kush will not fall on all our plans and all our pleasures. Carrie Bradshaw is not about to be usurped by Rosie the Riveter. The roughenings of American experience will be more like adjustments than like transformations. Yet some sacrifices of convenience—a more mindful and spineful existence, a perdurable sensation of emergency, a greater political unity—will rightly be asked of us. The campaign against terror that the Bush administration proposes to launch is a just and necessary and tardy and difficult campaign; and it will last a long time, if it is a serious campaign; and it will provoke our enemies into retaliation, if it is a serious campaign. This should not be taken to mean that in the absence of American action there would be peace: the fiends who planned and executed the attacks on New York and Washington regarded them as retaliatory. In their minds, there already was a war. The United States is merely bringing its description of reality into accord with reality. But that new description, and popular support for the government's new seriousness, cannot be taken for granted. After we are tested by the intensities of American bereavement, we will be tested by the banalities of American contentment.

"The problem of the new world," the writer Jonathan Franzen proclaimed last week, "will be to reassert the ordinary, the trivial, and even the ridiculous in the face of instability and dread: to mourn the dead and then try to awaken to our small humanities and our pleasurable daily nothing-much." This is the voice of the American who does not wish to live in history. To be sure, history is a terrible inconvenience. But we have been disturbed by it. Shall we pretend that we have not been disturbed? It is not true that we must choose between our small humanities and our big responsibilities; between a righteous mildness and a righteous militarism; between our private purposes and our public purposes. The flourishing of our private purposes is anyway one of our public purposes—but it is not the only one. And "nothing-much" was nothing much even when the World Trade Center still stood. Any firefighter will tell you that. ■



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## Cambridge Dispatch

# Left Back

*By* JONATHAN COHN

AT FIRST BLUSH, it seemed like one of those town meetings staged for *Dateline*: about 35 people, sitting at neatly arranged desks, explaining how they first reacted to the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington. The answers were somber and heartfelt. The emotions—rage, fear, sadness—were familiar. Except that these weren't generic middle Americans. They were left-wing activists, meeting in a classroom at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And when they talked about rage and fear, they weren't only referring to the terrorists. They were also referring to their rage at the U.S. government, and fear at its likely response.

"I felt nothing but anger at the U.S. government because they allowed this to happen," said one participant. "Now they have an excuse ... to do whatever the fuck they want." A young man seized upon the Pearl Harbor analogy, but used it to warn about coming suppression of civil liberties and discrimination against Arab-Americans. "The political repression [of the war on terrorism] will be like nothing we've ever seen," he said. There was sympathy for the victims of the attacks, but a barely hidden satisfaction that, for once, the American public had gotten a taste of its own government's medicine. "Now we know what the people of Belgrade and Baghdad felt like," suggested one woman.

MOURNING *and* STRATEGY

When this meeting was planned several weeks ago, war was not on the agenda. Sponsored by several local anti-globalization groups, it was supposed to be a teach-in about the ways in which the U.S. government helps multinational corporations exploit the developing world. But now, four days after the World Trade Center attacks, all anyone wanted to talk about was America's anticipated retaliation—and how to protest it. Indeed, on campuses and electronic bulletin boards across the country, large swaths of the anti-globalization movement are turning into an antiwar movement. The transformation is unlikely to alter U.S. foreign policy dramatically. But it might just unravel the anti-globalization movement itself.

The metamorphosis owes its speed in part to a coincidence of timing. The entire spectrum of anti-globalization organizations—from mainstream groups like the AFL-CIO to more radical ones like the Mobilization for Global Justice—had been gearing up to disrupt meetings of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank in Washington at the end of September. But protesting just weeks after the worst terrorist attack in U.S. history seemed destined to provoke a hailstorm of negative publicity, particularly if the protests turned violent. It would seem insensitive, while taxing Washington's strained resources and inflaming its raw nerves.

And so a few activists suggested an alternative to cancellation, one that saw in the attacks not merely tragedy but opportunity: "Let's turn this protest into a vigil for all international victims of violence whether at the hands of extremists or elite governments," wrote a participant in one popular anti-globalization e-mail list. "We can disseminate information and photographs of the recent US atrocities in combination with previous international atrocities like those in Guatemala, Kosovo, Sierra Leone, Sudan, Palestine, Panama, etc." On the bulletin board of Mobilization for Global Justice, another activist explained that, "We should march to mourn those who died this week, and also those who die and suffer everywhere around the world because of those who would make living beings suffer for the sake of abstractions, be they Islamic fundamentalism or capitalist ideology or national security.... This is a unique opportunity to show that our movement is based on peace and justice, while the present world order is based on power and violence."

If all this sounds familiar, that's because it is. Since its coming-out party two years ago in Seattle, the anti-globalization movement has been frequently described as a new force in American politics, the product of a new generation with new arguments and concerns. And it is true that the movement's focus on corporations and global finance, as opposed to governments and armies, represented a change from the leftist campaigns of the 1970s and '80s. But last week, when the terrorist attacks put governments and armies back at the center of American politics, the fresh-faced radicals sounded just like their generational predecessors. And so on Friday, when United Students Against Sweatshops pulled out of its planned demonstrations against the IMF and World Bank, it also urged members to participate in "peace-oriented events" over the coming weeks: "We stand firmly against sentiments of military retaliation," the organization said, sounding exactly like the student activists of 1968 or 1991. Last spring a group of Harvard students seemed to break new ground in campus activism when they staged a sit-in to protest low wages for the school's custodial workers. Now some members of that group are starting the Harvard Initiative for Peace and Justice; vigils and letter-writing campaigns against military action are already in the works.

But not all of the anti-globalization left is on board. Mindful of its membership's sentiments—not to mention the police officers, firefighters, and other union workers killed in the attacks—the AFL-CIO not only canceled its planned IMF/World Bank demonstrations, but it also endorsed, in no uncertain terms, military reprisal. "We deplore the assault," said AFL-CIO President John Sweeney, "and we stand fully behind the President and the leadership of our nation in this time of national crisis." The AFL-CIO has asked its door-to-door canvassers, initially dispatched to drum up support for the anti-globalization cause, to collect donations on behalf of the terrorism victims instead. On Capitol Hill, some of globalization's fiercest critics, like Marcy Kaptur, the congresswoman from the Rust Belt city of Toledo, are morphing into some of the Democratic Party's biggest hawks.

All of which represents a very serious problem for the left.



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One of the anti-globalization movement's primary goals—and primary successes—in its short life has been repairing the generation-old gulf between intellectuals and labor. Students have flocked to union-run organizing camps; a group of labor-friendly intellectuals established Scholars, Artists, and Writers for Social Justice. Now, with one awful attack, that alliance is splitting at the seams. The hard hats and the hippies are on opposite sides of the barricades once again. At the teach-in at MIT, activists seemed to be gearing up for their generation's Vietnam—a chance to take on U.S. militarism and imperialism in their own time. They seemed to have forgotten that until last week, that was precisely the debate the American left was trying to avoid. ■

## Why the Taliban isn't so tough.

# Weakest Link

*By* MICHAEL RUBIN

IN THE SPRING of 2000, I toured Afghanistan in an unusual way: freely. Normally, the Taliban tightly control foreign visitors. Journalists are quarantined in Kabul's former Inter-continental Hotel, forced to use government translators, and escorted by official guides. I was not. I had grown a beard and I can get by in Persian, which most Afghans understand. And one morning I simply checked out of the hotel, hopped in a taxi, and wandered for more than a week by myself, interviewing teachers, policemen, gravediggers, merchants, the unemployed, and the Taliban themselves. And I discovered something unexpected, something often overlooked in the strategizing of recent days: The Taliban are weak. They lack the military muscle, popular support, and internal cohesion to hold up under sustained attack.

Many Americans forget that the Taliban—unlike say, Saddam in 1990 or Milosevic in 1999—don't control their entire country. Despite the September 9 assassination of its leader, Ahmed Shah Massoud, the Northern Alliance—which controls a chunk of northeastern Afghanistan—remains a fierce foe. The Alliance shelled Kabul in the hours after the World Trade Center explosion. And it is common knowledge in Afghanistan that the Alliance—the only military force never to lose a battle to the Soviets—boasts the most experienced, and most loyal, troops in the country. In fact, fear of the Alliance is probably the chief reason the Taliban shelter Osama bin Laden. Bin Laden controls a military brigade of perhaps 700 well-equipped fighters, and unlike most government troops, they can be relied on not to flee in the heat of battle.

One reason the government's troops aren't battle-tested is that, for the most part, the Taliban didn't take Afghanistan by force of arms. The movement did win one early battle, taking Kandahar in 1994, probably with the help of the Pakistani Interservice Intelligence (ISI) agency. But its subsequent victories resulted largely from co-opting the opposition: promising warlords, exhausted by years of fighting, positions in the new government if they turned over their territories without resistance. I was lecturing at Balkh University in Mazar-e Sharif in northern Afghanistan in May 1997 when the Taliban marched on the city. Up until I was evacuated, a few hours ahead of the Taliban troops, no shot had been fired. The Taliban simply bought the support of a neighboring military commander—reportedly promising he could keep his fiefdom so long as he adopted basic Taliban ideology and acknowledged the party's overall supremacy.

One reason the warlords proved so pliant is that the Taliban enjoyed widespread, popular support when they took over. During the civil war, the pitted and potholed road from Jalalabad to Kabul was the scene of extortions, rapes, and murders by more than a dozen warlords. And the Taliban promised to end the anarchy. As one merchant in Ghazni, a large town between Kabul and Kandahar, recalled, "We thought, 'How bad could a bunch of religious students be?' "

BUT FIVE YEARS later, the Taliban have not ended the civil war, and they have not ensured security. Residents of Kabul told me that members of the Taliban burglarize homes at night and steal residents' life savings. Last year party guards allegedly cleaned out hundreds of thousands of dollars from locked stalls in the money changer's section of the Kabul bazaar. As a result, support for the movement among ordinary Afghans has waned dramatically.

As political disillusionment has grown, it has fueled ethnic resentment as well. Most of the Taliban are Pushtun, an ethnic group that makes up 38 percent of Afghanistan and which is also well represented in Pakistan. And the party's radical interpretation of Islam is heavily influenced by the Pushtunwali, the austere Pushtun social code. By contrast, most residents of northern and western Afghanistan, as well as Kabul, speak a dialect of Persian. In the capital, the cultural tension is clear. Not only do Persian speakers have greater cultural ties to Iran and its partially pre-Islamic culture, but two centuries of interaction with Europeans have made Kabul a relatively cosmopolitan city. Partly as a result, the Taliban have singled out the capital for harsh treatment. One day while I was drinking tea with friends in a Kabul merchant's shop, the Taliban came roaring down the street in pickup trucks, ordering everyone to mosque. The shopkeeper calmly locked the door, closed the shades, and cursed the "Pakistanis." He explained that the local religious students are not bad—"they know how to respect their elders"—but the Pushtun Taliban are arrogant and hard to deal with.

Even the Taliban themselves are not united. Afghans in Kabul and Kandahar estimate that only 10 percent of the movement are hard-line followers of the group's spiritual leader, Mullah Omar (though this faction, with the dynamiting of the Buddhas at Bamiyan earlier this year, may be resurgent). Perhaps an additional 30 percent believe in Mul-

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lah Omar's message—a return to the austere Islam they think was practiced in the time of Mohammad—but realize that its implementation requires compromise, for instance, on the question of women's schooling. The rest of the Taliban, Afghans say, do not strongly support the regime, but have pledged loyalty, and grown beards, to keep their jobs. And that is *within* the party. The vast majority of Afghans are not members of the Taliban at all.

SO IT'S NOT terribly surprising that, in the last couple of years, anti-government resistance has grown. In February 2000, well-armed locals rose up near Khost, a town in the southwestern Taliban heartland not far from the August 1998 U.S. cruise missile strike. The locals were upset by the Taliban's decision to appoint a governor who was foreign to the region, and the party quickly appointed a new candidate. Later that year the Taliban narrowly averted a similar uprising in Jalalabad, in eastern Afghanistan, by firing an overbearing governor. Opposition has traditionally been strongest in the north, but last year an opposition commander escaped from a Taliban prison and set up another pocket of resistance, reportedly in the southwestern province of Nimruz, near the Iranian border. When Mullah Omar preached last year in Kandahar that Afghanistan's ruinous drought was God's punishment for too little faith, many Afghans later commented that perhaps the drought was punishment for Mullah Omar.

In fact, much of the reason the Taliban stay afloat is external—in particular, support from Pakistan. In 2000 Afghanistan produced three-quarters of the world's opium, much of which it then exported into neighboring Pakistan, Tajikistan, and Iran. The smuggling of other commodities is also vital to the Taliban economy—for instance, hardwood harvested from northern Pakistan's old growth forests and destined for villas in Saudi Arabia and Dubai. As the wood travels through Afghanistan, the Taliban extract tolls. The Taliban also receive weapons and money from Pakistan's ISI agency, which hopes that by engaging the Taliban it can blunt Afghan support for ethnic separatism in Pakistan's predominantly Pushtun Northwest Frontier Province. Pakistan also fears that if it surrenders its influence in Afghanistan, regional rival Iran may fill the vacuum.

But although the government in Islamabad cannot fully control the ISI, its support for the Taliban looks set to substantially diminish. In the coming weeks, Pakistan will likely open its airspace to the United States, break off its relations with the Taliban, and at least make a show of sealing its border with Afghanistan. (While Pakistan sometimes complains that sealing such a long border is impossible, the country's campaign against wheat smuggling has proved otherwise: Islamabad's 1999 crackdown on the cross-border trade sent bread prices skyrocketing in Kabul, demonstrating that control of the rugged frontier is possible.)

Pakistan's moves will weaken the Taliban. And a massive U.S. bombardment could weaken it further—perhaps prompting the Northern Alliance to march on Kabul and to pressure former Afghan warlords and government officials, now in exile in Iran and Uzbekistan, to reopen new pockets of resistance in other parts of the country. In 1999, when the United States devastated Belgrade and humiliated Milosevic, the Serbs eventually ousted him. In 1991, when the United States devastated Baghdad and humiliated Saddam, the Kurds and Shiites rose up, and might have toppled the regime had the United States not abandoned them. Historical parallels, of course, are never perfect. But the Taliban are no stronger than those two previous U.S. foes; in fact, they are probably weaker. And, needless to say, toppling them would be every bit as worthwhile. ■

**Bush's absurd coalition.**

# Friends Like These

*By* MARTIN PERETZ

THE MOST SEARING images, of course, are of the aftermath—of the immediate survivors of the dead: parents, siblings, spouses, lovers, friends, hoping against hope that somehow those who live in their hearts might have survived in the flesh. They haunted the grim environs of ground zero with photos and handbills, pressing them onto journalists and cameramen, as if maybe the missing would see themselves on television and remember to call home. And then there were the uncomprehending faces of the children who will never see their moms or their dads again. By Wednesday, as the volunteer doctors and nurses sat around idle for yet another day, it was clear that what was called rescue was not that at all. Rudy Giuliani ordered thousands of body bags, but there were almost no bodies, and for that matter very few body parts, to fill them. So let us no longer dissimulate: The World Trade Center is today a crematorium. This was a mass cremation, a mass cremation of the living.

This cremation of the living was a satanic calculus of a certain brand of Muslim piety. And yes, of course, the overwhelming majority of Muslims neither adhere to it nor admire it. But the so-called moderate majesties of Saudi Arabia, the most privileged of the Wahabis, an austere sect in Sunni Islam, have been giving political support and, until recently, financial succor to the Afghani Taliban, the most wretched of the Wahabis, for years. The Taliban would have collapsed long ago without the aid of Saudi Arabia. And the Taliban, of course, harbor Osama bin Laden. So, in a way, the Saudis have also placed under their protection the World Trade Center cremator, even though he is one of their renegade sons.

Colin Powell probably doesn't mention that when he



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# Does Good Business Equal Good Schools?

**John E. Chubb is chief education officer, Edison Schools; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.**

For more than a decade education policymakers have been convinced that improvements in student achievement depend on comprehensive improvements in schools. The key to greater learning is a not a new reading or math program or having the Internet in every classroom. Learning depends on quality instruction aimed at high standards and attentive to the needs of all students.

Quality instruction is no simple matter. It begins with knowing how to manage a classroom that likely includes a diverse group of students. It continues with knowing what should be taught and how best to teach it. Schools must organize themselves explicitly to set high academic standards, to help teachers with challenging material, and to help students succeed. **Great schools have every element of an effective organization in place, from training to assessment to supervision.**

During the 1990s policymakers took a number of initiatives to promote "comprehensive school reform." The Bush administration created the New American Schools Development Corporation to support research into comprehensive school models, such as Modern Red Schoolhouse and Roots and Wings. Congress authorized monies for Title 1 schools that wished to adopt "whole school reform" models. The record of these models in boosting student achievement is mixed. But the disappointments have more to do with the implementation of the models than with the models themselves.

Privatization could advance the accomplishments of school reform dramatically. School reform has foundered over two obstacles. One is money. It can be expensive to make comprehensive changes at a school. A typical school receives money for new curriculum in one major subject area every two years. It receives money to pay for two or three days of teacher training annually. Money for widespread change does not exist, unless it can be raised from a philanthropic grant program or a local bond issue. These are tough ways to spur reform. Businesses, however, could fund comprehensive reform with investment dollars. Edison Schools, for example, invests about $1.5 million in the start-up of each of its schools, earning money back through the course of its contract with its public education client. This money ensures that Edison's comprehensive reform model is launched as effectively as possible. Other firms could bring this advantage to public education as well.

Businesses can also help schools overcome the "buy-in" problem. Comprehensive reform requires the enthusiastic assent and long-term cooperation of every teacher and administrator in the school in which the reform is being pursued. Without this buy-in, the reform breaks down. Teachers begin closing their doors and doing their own thing. Public schools struggle with the buy-in problem for many reasons, not the least of which is that teachers and administrators have rights as public employees and need only cooperate with reform so far. **Being free from the constraints of traditional school systems, however, businesses can reconstitute public schools with teachers and administrators who want to do something different.** Firms have the ability to manage the school toward implementing a contractual reform model that will lead to improved academic results.

*— John E. Chubb*

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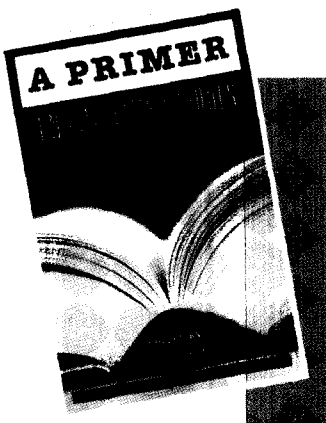


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phones Riyadh, it's because he wants its princes to join the reconstructed Gulf war alliance. But Saudi Arabia was not as valuable an ally in 1991 as some remember. The Saudis had a virtual veto over when the war would end—and fearing that Saddam's ouster would empower Iraq's Shias, who might in turn rouse the Shias in Arabia, they made sure it ended with Saddam still in power. And Saudi Arabia has not been as valuable an ally since, either. Riyadh almost certainly impeded our investigation of the 1996 Dhahran bombing that took the lives of 19 American soldiers—soldiers in the Gulf to protect the oil that keeps the monarchy rich. (This duplicity fits a local pattern: The government of Yemen has obstructed our investigation into the attack on the USS *Cole* in similar fashion.) And Riyadh may now be doing the same thing again. Saudis were, it seems, well represented among the hijackers. And by yanking home a number of their citizens residing in the United States over the last week, the monarchy may be once again preventing the FBI from meeting with people who have information about the terror network.

But at least the State Department has never classified Saudi Arabia as a terrorist state, something that can't be said of two of the other countries the Bush administration hopes to lure into the anti-terrorist coalition: Iran and Syria. The Bushies know that non-Arab Iran, the world center of Shiites, nurses theological grudges against the Taliban and other Sunni regimes. Tehran has also fought a war against Saddam, who may have had a hand in last week's abomination. So these are its anti-terrorist credentials. Unfortunately, Iran has also terrorized much of its own population; it funds, arms, and outfits a terrorist network of its own—centered around the Lebanese Shia murderers, Hezbollah. Will the United States now condone one strain of Islamic terror in order to combat another?

Powell's other desired partner is Syria. And it is true that the Baathist Syrian dictatorship—which hails from the tiny Alawite minority, which many Muslim fundamentalists don't consider part of the faith—isn't primarily interested in theological extremism. But the Assads have long been happy to stir it up amongst others—as a weapon against Israel or a stunt to divert their people from their miserable lot. And even when Damascus promotes secularism in the Arab world, it is secular terror. In particular, Syria is a primary patron of two Marxist Palestinian terrorist groups that have reemerged in the West Bank and Gaza during the new intifada: the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. These groups may not cloak their atrocities in the Koran. But for their victims, it makes little difference.

AND SECRETARY POWELL is eyeing one more ally as well, a man this administration has kept an admirable distance from for the last nine months: Yasir Arafat. But the ironies here are no less rich. It's not just that Arafat is the world's senior terrorist—responsible for murders stretching back to the 1960s; it's that he is not at all emeritus. As recently as last week, Arafat's operatives were doing what terrorists always do: killing civilians at random. And lest the Bushies forget, not all those civilians have been Israeli. Many of the PLO's attacks in Israel over the years have claimed American lives, and Arafat's minions have murdered at least two American diplomats. Not to mention the *Achille Lauro*, where one of Arafat's loyalists pushed a wheelchair-bound American, Leon Klinghoffer, into the sea.

The danger, of course, is that in appeasing Khamenei, Assad, and Arafat, the United States tells the Arab world that there is evil terrorism (i.e., terrorism against pro-Western Arab governments and against Americans) and there is tolerable terrorism (i.e., terrorism against the Jews). But if our dalliances with Muslim extremism two decades ago in Afghanistan should have taught us anything, it is that evil men cannot be trusted to restrict their evil to convenient targets. There is a fraternity of the bloodthirsty, and it is unquenchable unless it is destroyed. It will never be content just to kill Jews. Indeed, there were early, unconfirmed reports that Hamas—Assad's protégés and Arafat's brethren—may themselves have been implicated in last week's horror.

If, as a result of what happened in New York, the Bush administration forces Israel to stand idly by in the face of terror in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, the Arab states will be pleased, which is presumably what the Bushies want. But it will subtly buttress the noxious argument—circulating on the European and American left—that the hatred that fueled bin Laden's atrocities has its roots in legitimate grievances against the Jewish State and, by extension, its American patron. And in the long run, legitimizing that canard will make us less safe, no matter how many coalition partners it brings. ■

## Why they chose Logan.

# Into the Breach

*By* MICHAEL CROWLEY

TWO YEARS BEFORE Osama bin Laden's suicidal disciples boarded a pair of planes at Boston's Logan Airport destined for the World Trade Center, a minor Boston politician was nabbed in a humiliating scandal. Under the screaming headline "BOOZE CRUISE," *The Boston Herald* published photographs of Peter Blute, the executive director of the Massachusetts Port Authority, on a publicly funded Tuesday-afternoon boat ride around Boston Harbor. Blute's companions included a sleazy lobbyist and fawning young women, including a girl named Gidget, who immortalized herself by defiantly flashing her breasts for the *Herald* photographer capturing it all from shore.

At the time the disgrace seemed to have little relevance beyond the cutthroat world of Boston politics; Blute was just



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another small-time local politico caught slacking off on the job. In light of September 11, however, Blute's story looks somewhat different. For it is Massport, the agency he once headed—an agency still managed by an appalling roster of political appointees—that runs Logan Airport.

For years Massport has been a dumping ground for Bay State pols, a place where the state's governors have rewarded friends and allies with comfortable sinecures, qualifications be damned, "a patronage trough where every hack's loser cousin feeds," as *The Boston Globe* put it last year. Blute was installed as executive director—with ultimate responsibility for all airport operations—by then-Governor Bill Weld within weeks of losing his congressional seat in 1996. His prior experience consisted of five years as a state representative and a short career working in public relations for professional sports teams. Blute's predecessor, Stephen Tocco, was little better: a pharmacist by training who had served as Weld's economic affairs adviser.

Weld's successor as governor, Paul Cellucci, proved even more shamelessly patronage-minded. When the state's secretary for elderly affairs resigned in 1998 amid accusations that he wasn't showing up for work, Cellucci promptly named him to be Massport's director of special projects. After an undistinguished Democratic state representative named Gus Serra supported the Republican Cellucci's 1998 election campaign, he was rewarded with a $119,000 per year job as Massport's director of strategic planning. And when Cellucci became ambassador to Canada earlier this year, his deputy chief of staff found a new job—where else?—at Massport, as deputy executive director. The cronyism has extended all the way down to the agency's bottom echelons, where the brother of Cellucci's former chief of staff landed a job as a Logan firefighter in 1997.

BUT THE PATRONAGE hires who deserve the strictest scrutiny in the wake of the double hijacking at Logan are Virginia Buckingham, the current Massport executive director, and Joseph Lawless, the current director of airport security. Buckingham, a 36-year-old political operative who served as Cellucci's campaign manager and chief of staff, was put in charge of Massport two years ago, after Blute was ousted for the booze cruise fiasco. Cellucci never even went through the motions of searching for qualified outsiders—leading the late South Boston Congressman Joe Moakley to scoff, impolitely, that Cellucci had taken "some girl sitting in the next office and put her in charge." For his part, Lawless is a former Massachusetts state trooper who entered Boston politics by serving as Weld's chauffeur for two years; he, in turn, replaced another state trooper and driver (for former Governor Michael Dukakis's wife, Kitty). In other words, Logan's last two airport security chiefs took the job with little or no experience in airport security. But that didn't stop Lawless from demanding that he be free from oversight by one of the few respected professionals in Massport's upper management, Aviation Director Thomas Kinton. According to *The Boston Globe*, Lawless largely got his way because Massport officials "did not want to challenge the governor's handpicked choice." The agency did hire William Jaillet, a longtime Federal Aviation Administration security official, to serve as Lawless's deputy. But Jaillet resigned the post in 2000 amid sexual harassment charges, and it went unfilled for over a year—until just days before the attacks.

Incredibly, even September 11 doesn't seem to have changed the culture at Massport. Lawless stunned Justice Department officials the day after the attack by telling a federal marshal in charge of overseeing airport security upgrades that her input, in the words of the *Globe*, "was not welcome." Says Leigh B. Boske, an expert on transportation and port authorities at the University of Texas at Austin's Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs, "I know of no other airport quite like Logan." Most large airports or port authorities, Boske says, are headed by experienced transportation professionals chosen either from within the agency or after a thorough nationwide search. (There are other exceptions, notably New York's Port Authority, which oversees Kennedy and LaGuardia Airports and has recently been run by political allies of the governor.) The terrorists, he adds, "have been planning for a year. That says to me they have had some time to go around the country and look for the weakest link. I have a feeling that [Logan] was not an accident." Aviation consultant Michael Boyd agrees: "Political appointees ... have allowed [security problems] to fester over the years" at Logan.

WE MAY NEVER know to what extent Massport's hack culture made Logan vulnerable to last week's hijackers. But the airport's security flaws were well-known long before last Tuesday's cataclysm. Since 1997, agents from the FAA have succeeded in breaching Logan security nearly 200 times—slipping weapons past careless screeners at x-ray machines and metal-detectors, or accessing restricted areas like ramps, baggage rooms, and even empty airplanes. According to *The Boston Globe*, the number of violations found by the FAA at Logan in a 1999 audit was three times the national average. That same year a teenager dressed in Hasidic garb (he later said he was trying to impress Israeli intelligence agents) breached an airport fence, walked two miles across the tarmac, and stowed away in the cabin of a 747 bound for Britain. In 1999 the General Accounting Office found that Logan's turnover rate for airport baggage screeners was 207 percent—fourth-highest in the nation (Reagan National Airport, by contrast, reported a 47 percent turnover rate; New York's Kennedy had a 53 percent rate).

In fact, the FAA has repeatedly warned Massport management about Logan's security. But with each new revelation of a security lapse, Massport's leaders have insisted that their record was not substantially worse than that of other major American airports, and pointed defensive fingers at the airlines and the FAA. And with some justification: It's the airlines, after all, that are in charge of hiring screeners and maintaining security at their gates. And, until last week, FAA regulations actually allowed passengers to carry small knives like those the terrorists used.

But ultimately, it is Massport officials who are responsible for the overall security of the airport. Specifically, the agency



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controls access to most passenger-restricted areas—such as the tarmac and baggage handling areas—where many previous security failures have taken place. It's also the agency's job to keep an eye on everyone else with access to airplanes—such as mechanics, cleaners, and caterers—a highly relevant duty given that searches after the attacks found two more knives hidden on planes at Logan. And if Massport truly believed the airlines were being lax, they could have leaned on them to improve security. Instead, last February, the agency did the opposite. A memo from Executive Director Buckingham's office vowed to "measure the performance of airlines and hold them accountable for delivering basic customer services." The new requirements, many of them intended to speed up the check-in process, included a mandate that no passenger should have to wait in line for more than five minutes at a security checkpoint. Failure to comply could cost airlines gate or terminal space, Buckingham warned.

Until last week, Boston's political establishment winked indulgently at Massport's rampant patronage. State leaders—most with their own friends, relatives, and allies on the public payroll—were reluctant to cry foul. Business leaders didn't want to offend the politicians by complaining. And Boston's passengers—like passengers everywhere else in the country—were more concerned about convenience than safety. When journalists raised a fuss, they were generally dismissed as naïve goo-goos. In short, no one really considered the shortage of experienced oversight at Logan Airport to be much of a problem. Until it was too late. ■

## It's not just the airports. It's the airplanes.

# Open Door Policy

*By* Gregg Easterbrook

In the aftermath of September's horror, commentators have focused on improving airport security. This is long overdue. But airports aren't the only problem. America has to change its *airplanes* as well, and the training of the crews that fly them.

First and simplest, every jetliner needs a transponder that cannot be turned off. When the terrorists reached the flight decks of the four commandeered aircraft last week, one of the first things they did was disengage the transponders, which report a plane's location, altitude, and airspeed to the Federal Aviation Administration. With the transponder off, an airliner appears on radar as only a weak echo, and its altitude and airspeed become hard to determine. When air traffic controllers lose transponder data and radio contact—as happened in all four hijackings—they assume a plane has blown up or nosedived into the ground. But had the transponders still been running, controllers would have known right away that the planes were still flying, and that they were swerving toward Washington and New York. Knowing right away that the planes had not crashed but had been commandeered might have cut precious minutes off the time it took the FAA to decide to contact the military.

Transponders have "off" switches (technically a "standby" mode) because if the machines were on while airliners taxied on the ground, confusing readings could fritz out air controllers' screens. Typically, a pilot turns on the transponder during climb-out and switches it off again on the final approach for landing. An additional reason for the off switch is that it allows a pilot to silence a malfunctioning transponder and engage the backup. But both these tasks could occur automatically. Indeed, some new corporate jets already have automated transponders. As the plane accelerates to climb-out speed, the device winks on; when the plane reaches final landing speed, it winks off. If the primary transponder fails, the secondary unit automatically turns on. Automatic transponders could be made mandatory on all new jetliners and retrofitted for most existing planes for a relatively modest cost. There would no longer be an off switch for a hijacker to turn.

Then there is the cockpit door. For years, aviation safety experts have complained that most jetliners have flimsy cockpit doors—hardly doors at all, just lightweight "privacy panels" like those of airliner washrooms. Doors to the cockpits of all U.S. and European airliners can easily be kicked in, which may be what some of the hijackers did. In fact, the doors are *designed* to be kicked in, on the theory that pilots might need to break them down to escape the cockpit after a crash landing. What's more, locks on cockpit doors are a polite fiction. Federal regulations require that the doors be locked during flight, supposedly as a barrier to hostile entry. But keys can be seized from flight attendants, and every aircraft model has the same cockpit door key. There are thousands of keys in circulation that unlock any American Airlines or United Airlines 757 or 767 cockpit door.

The solution is a steel door. El Al, the most threatened and yet most secure of airlines, took this approach long ago. Its airliners have dead-bolted, steel cockpit doors with plated hinges that cannot be pried open or shot out. Flight attendants don't carry keys because there's no keyhole; the doors open only from the inside. For crash escape, one cockpit window is designed to pop out, then a rope ladder can be lowered. (All U.S. aircraft also have the pop-out cockpit window, which makes our flimsy doors all the more questionable.) Since El Al adapted the steel door system, it has never had an in-flight takeover.

Existing jetliners could be retrofitted with steel doors and



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plated hinges relatively quickly and cheaply. Last week the Air Line Pilots Association, the leading aviators' union, called for the immediate installation of steel doors. It also said new planes should have a heavy cockpit bulkhead so even small explosive charges wouldn't bring down the cockpit doors. "By far the most important design change for U.S. commercial aircraft is to turn the front end into a vault," says Vern Raburn, a pilot and president of Eclipse Aviation, which builds private jets.

ALPA also wants non-lethal weapons such as Mace or Tazers stored in the cockpit, so pilots could have some means of defending themselves. Currently the closest thing to a weapon on the flight deck is a fire ax.

And planes need lethal weapons as well, carried by sky marshals. Attorney General John Ashcroft recently announced that some jetliners will fly with sky marshals. By contrast, every El Al flight bears a marshal, disguised as a passenger, so potential troublemakers have no idea who has the Uzi. Putting marshals on each of the 25,000 U.S. daily flights—the number before September 11, and sure to be reached again—would be expensive. (El Al's comparatively tiny number of flights makes its staffing task much easier.) Recruiting top people would be essential because sky marshals would have to be skilled enough not to become a threat themselves—since they would be carrying onto planes a gun that hijackers might seize. Between the numbers and the skills required, a sky marshal hierarchy could cost several billion dollars per year.

But that's still only a few dollars per ticket—and at this point the flying public would hardly object. For years airports and airlines have cut corners on security to shave the price of flying as low as possible. The cost of this approach has now been shown to exceed the benefits by an unfathomable margin.

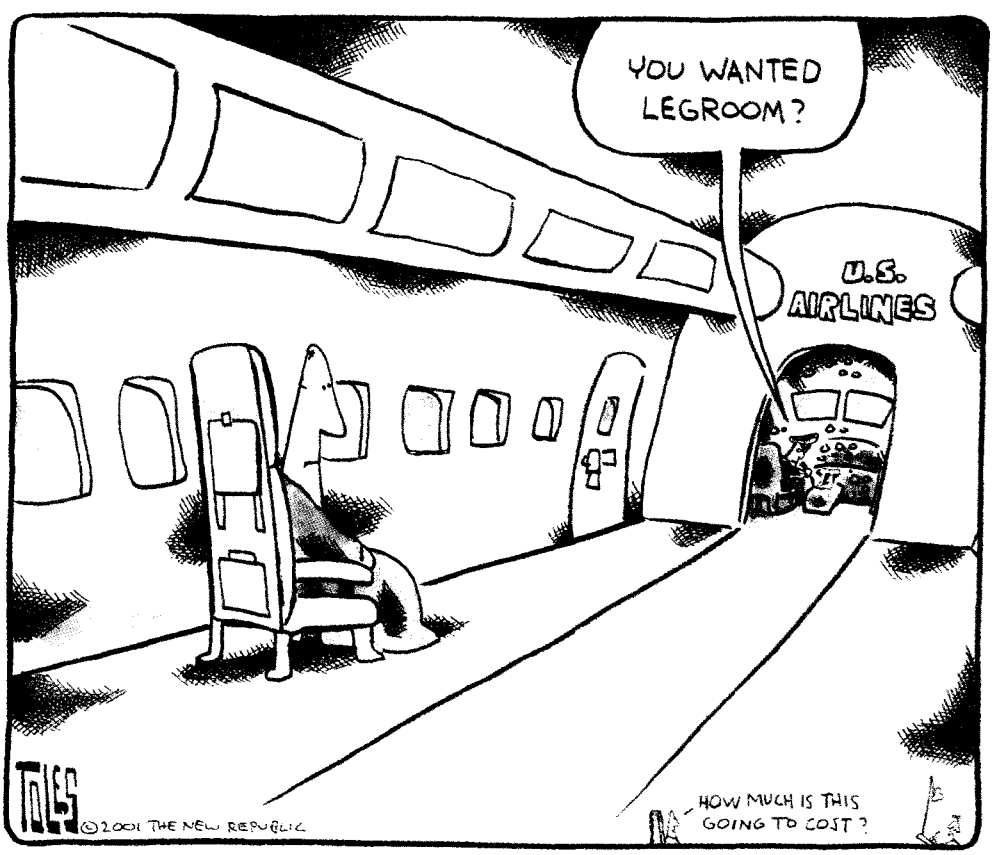
Next on the redesign list is an emergency system that locks the controls so that even if a hijacker does end up sitting in the captain's seat, the plane won't obey him. Controls might have a "panic button" position that if pressed (perhaps with a confirmation code) would give the plane over to automatic pilot, which would land the plane at the closest airfield. Alternatively, the panic-button system might broadcast a Mayday code and then land the plane at whatever field a coded reply from the FAA tells it to seek. Once the panic button were pushed, it would become impossible to fly the plane to Cuba, or into a building.

How practical would such a system be? Almost any jetliner with automatic landing capability can land on autopilot at a "Category III" airfield that maintains special guidance beacons. The United States, however, boasts only a few Category III fields—in cities like Seattle, Portland, and Boston, where fog is common. More importantly, the majority of jetliners built in the last decade—including the 777, new models of the 737, and the Airbus—have advanced autopilots that can auto-land on almost any field, including the "Category I" airports found all over the country. Several new jetliner models have even demonstrated the ability to conduct nearly complete flight cycles without anyone ever touching the yoke or throttles.

The FAA does not certify the use of auto-land systems under normal circumstances, and no one in the air transport business thinks computers should replace pilots. But "there is no big technical barrier," Raburn says, to autopilots that take command in an emergency, including the one in a billion chance that the flight deck crew keels over from natural causes. If aircraft sported panic buttons that transferred control to computers for an immediate landing, the incentive to stage hijackings would decline precipitously.

While a program to weld steel cockpit doors onto airliners could begin tomorrow, panic-button autopilots would take a year or two. The systems would have to be designed and tested carefully, particularly the protocol governing how the computer chooses its landing destination. And, of course, no electronic system is foolproof. Hijackers might grab the captain before the device was turned on. There would have to be a deactivation code, and butchers like the ones who struck in September might torture pilots to force them to reveal the code.

Steel doors could mitigate such dangers, but another



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reform might do even more: making sure pilots *never* open the cockpit door during emergencies. And that leads to a final change in airplane security: different training for flight crews.

After all, why did four sets of pilots, including several fit, strong, ex-military men, hand over their aircraft to hijackers armed only with short knives and box cutters? The terrorists may have knocked down the door and immediately killed the pilots, who, strapped in and facing forward in a cramped area, would have been at a huge disadvantage to surprise attackers wielding knives from above and behind. Or the terrorists may have leaped out of their seats and stabbed flight attendants or passengers to create panic, causing pilots to come out to see what was happening. But they may have simply pounded on the cockpit door and said, "this is a hijacking," because U.S. pilots are *trained* to give in to hijackers.

Since aircraft takeovers began in the late 1960s, except for a few deranged individuals, hijackers have always had some goal that requires their own survival—wanting to extort money, receive concessions from governments, or win political attention. So airlines tell their pilots to calmly follow hijackers' instructions and get the plane on the ground, where law enforcement can take over. Essentially, airlines assumed hijackings are hostage situations, and criminologists are unanimous that the way to handle hostage-takers is to avoid provoking them and wait them out. Some U.S. airlines are even said to have *forbidden* flight crews to resist hijackers. On one of the doomed flights, it is believed that the captain "keyed" his microphone so air traffic controllers could for a moment hear what was going on, and that a hijacker said something to the effect of, "Don't do anything foolish and you won't get hurt." This is exactly what U.S. pilots are trained to expect "rational" hijackers to say. And the terrorists seemed to know this.

But just as police tactics changed after Columbine—where hundreds of law enforcement officers stood outside while victims died because the officers had been taught to assume a hostage situation rather than a murder rampage—training assumptions for pilots must now change to take account of hijacking as a tool of mass murder. U.S. pilots must be instructed (as El Al pilots already are) never to open cockpit doors during takeover attempts, even if they hear a flight attendant on the other side begging for her life. Video cameras and microphones could be installed in jetliner cabins so pilots can figure out what's going on in the back of the plane without having to open the cockpit door.

Pilots should also be trained to conduct defensive flight maneuvers, such as violently shaking the plane to knock hijackers down or partially depressurizing the cabin to make everyone gasp for breath. Passengers might be harmed—violent shaking can injure those not wearing seatbelts, while partial depressurization could kill a baby, senior citizen, or person with a respiratory problem. Yet if the alternative is destruction of the plane, such measures may be justified.

These may seem like mere changes of technology and protocol. And they don't even begin to address private aviation—everything from Cessnas to corporate jets—where there are no metal detectors and no need to stage a hijacking because a suicidal terrorist with oil-money backing might simply buy a small plane and stuff it with explosives. (Security experts have long viewed small planes stuffed with explosives as the leading threat from the air, and presumed that was what had happened in the first minutes after the first World Trade Center explosion.)

But behind these proposals lies a critical change of assumption. Until now, U.S. commercial aviation has assumed that airborne peril came from incompetent criminals and political nuts hungry for attention. The new assumption must be that we are at war. ■

## New York Dispatch

# Family Room

*By* DAVID GRANN

ON THE FOURTH DAY I went to get a sense of the devastation. The street outside my building in lower Manhattan was still cordoned off on either end by police, and you needed an escort and proof of ID to get in or out. The young officer who stood guard on the corner said that two of his colleagues from the police station next door were missing. "A man and a woman," he said. "We're still hoping."

I headed uptown to the Pierre Hotel, where I heard that the families from Cantor Fitzgerald—a bond-trading firm that had lost some 700 of its 1,000 New York employees in the World Trade Center attack—had set up an emergency center. It was in the Grand Ballroom on the second floor, where weddings and executive banquets were normally held, a place that seemed utterly incongruous for a crisis room. It was opened, along with the hotel, in 1930 and, according to the hotel's brochures, had "received royalty, world leaders and celebrities."



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Outside the main door, the company had set up tables with information packets, including hot lines for "investigative tips," "hospitals," and "police." There was a place to fill out missing person reports, and a few people gathered around it. The forms were eight pages thick and asked for anything that might identify the missing, including dental records ("partial plate," "braces," "no teeth") and objects in the body ("pacemaker," "bullets," "steel plate"). On page four there was a checklist for build, race, and hair color, as well as items like wigs, toupees, and transplants. "Facial Hair Style: _Fu Manchu _Whiskers Under Lower Lip _Mutton Chops _Pencil Thin Upper Lip _N/Applicable." There was also a checklist for dominant hand, fingernail type ("natural," "artificial"), nail characteristics ("dirty," "misshapen," "decorated," "tobacco stain"), complexion, dress, and, on the second to last page, a "DNA Donor Information" form.

Inside the ballroom, tacked along the back walls, were sheaths of white paper, each with a picture and details of one of the missing. Some were written by hand, as if in haste, others typed in bold computer fonts. One said, "Adriane Scibetta 5 feet w/brown hair/brown eyes," and had a photo of her with three little girls. Another said, "Francis (also goes by Frank or Fran) 28 years old/5'10"-170s lbs. Light brown hair cut very short. Green eyes ... two tattoos: a Shamrock in Irish flag colors with the word 'Mom' written in the middle of his right upper arm. Also a tattoo of the Chinese symbol for Mother on his right arm." Underneath was a picture of him, his sleeve rolled up, so that you could see the word MOM etched on his right bicep. Next to him was a picture of Amy O'Doherty. It had been mimeographed and her face was faded. Underneath it listed three "distinguishing characteristics":

- Freckles
- Large Chest
- Diamond stud earring

I walked from one wall to the next, staring at the faces, reading the captions above them: "Have you seen Mr. Hashmukhrai Parmar?" ... "Have you seen these two cousins?"

A woman with two boys was putting up a picture, this one mounted on construction paper so it would stand out. "Put it up over here," the woman said to one of the boys. "There's more space."

As you stepped deeper into the room there were dozens of round tables draped with white cloths and surrounded with gold-painted chairs. Four to eight people were sitting around each, lit by rococo chandeliers. Off to the side was a buffet table with Cokes and Perrier in buckets of ice, and ham and cheese sandwiches on French bread, neatly sliced, with mustard and lettuce. Waiters moved through the room holding silver platters, as if it were just another company Christmas party. But as I looked more closely I noticed a number on each of the tables, beginning with 101 and going up to 106, and I realized that these were the floor numbers where the missing had worked—that the room had been arranged according to where the victims had, in all likelihood, last been seen. There was a steady hum as people leaned over the tables, exchanging information and working their cell phones.

At one point, as I was standing there, a woman ran up to me and said excitedly, "Are you Martin?"

"No," I said, not sure if Martin was one of the missing or someone who potentially had information. "I'm sorry."

When I said that I was a reporter a man nearby asked if I had been to ground zero recently. His brother, he said, was missing. "First our tactic was to find anyone who saw him," he explained. "Now our tactic is to find anyone who made it out of these top floors."

He drew a diagram on a piece of paper, showing me where all the stairwells and exit routes were and how the forces had brought down the building. "My brother is strong," he said. "He may have made it into the basement."

EVENTUALLY I SAT down at one of the tables marked 101. An elderly couple, Carlton and Coletta Valvo, had just arrived from California. Because the airports were originally closed, they had driven to Vancouver and flown to Toronto and then rented a car and rode all night to New York. The father had graying hair and thick black glasses that made his eyes look enormous. He said his son, Carlton Jr., was 38 years old and a vice president. He had just gone to work for Cantor Fitzgerald and had a wife and a seven-year-old daughter. "He spoke to my other son on his cell phone and said, 'I don't know if we can survive. There's smoke. I got to go.'"

"You could hear screaming," said the mother, Coletta. "Then the phone went dead."

"I'm a doctor," the father continued. "I have a sense of reality, but—"

"We still have hope," his wife interjected. "There are miracles."

Later, while I was talking to someone else, Dr. Valvo tapped my shoulder and said he wanted to show me something. He took my arm and led me to the back, where hundreds of photos were pasted. "There," he said, pointing. "By the American flag."

Amid the many photos, I saw a young face staring out with the same Coke-bottle glasses as his father. "We gave him that Hawaiian shirt at his brother's wedding party," he said.

When we sat back down the others were talking about ways their family members might have escaped. One man who had been at the table earlier, we were informed, had said that his brother was a Navy Seal and could spend at least six days in the rubble without food or water. Mrs. Valvo said that there was a gap between when her son had called and when the building collapsed, leaving the family some hope that he had survived.

But Dr. Valvo didn't seem so sure, and when the others weren't listening, he showed me a copy of a leaflet from the American Red Cross he had gotten for his daughter-in-law and seven-year-old grandchild. "I thought it might help." It said, "AFTER THE DISASTER ... The following common, normal reactions may be experienced: Disorientation ... difficulty concentrating ... trouble sleeping ... headaches ... skin disorders ... sadness/apathy ... guilt/self-blame ... moodiness/irritability/emotional outbursts ... increased use of caffeine, alcohol or drugs ... 'flashbacks' ... nausea ... changes in sexual desire or functioning."



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On the back of the leaflet it had a special section on how to help the young who had lost family members. "If they are upset about what has happened, children may experience the same reactions as adults, plus the following: Bedwetting, thumb sucking or other earlier-age behaviors..."

There was a podium up front and a man rose to address the crowd. He said that he worked for Cantor Fitzgerald and asked everyone to fill out missing person reports. "If you haven't done that yet, please immediately go to the reception area.... Are there any questions?"

A slight woman got up and asked if rescue workers had found anyone from the company's floors yet. He said there had been "rumors" but nobody so far. (A woman later told me that she had seen a man crying yesterday into his cell phone after hearing that his relative was alive—but that the man was now back in the room with everyone else. "I guess it wasn't true," she said.)

Not long after, a gentleman stood from table 105. "What were the evacuation procedures for our floor?" The man at the podium said he wasn't sure, when a woman leaped to her feet and said, "I don't understand what we're all doing here. There are a thousand employees missing and we are the only company that can't find anybody—not a single person—and we're sitting around eating sandwiches. Why aren't we doing something to get our people out of the basement who are stuck... under 70 feet of concrete?"

The man at the podium tried to speak but the woman cut him off: "You're a million-dollar company. Why aren't you bringing in engineers from around the country?"

"I understand your frustration. But we are not an engineering company. We are a financial service company."

A grief counselor who had sat down beside me told me that most people in the room still didn't want to talk to him—that most believed, even after four days, that they would find their loved ones. "No one is prepared for tragedy," he said later, "but these are people who are not normally struck by it."

In the center of the room, several families had gathered around two televisions, watching the latest news. I noticed one girl who had been staring at it for hours. She had olive skin and looked like she was in high school. She told me her 29-year-old brother was missing. "My mother keeps saying, 'Thank God I have you,'" she told me. "I think my mother is still in denial and my father knows but he won't speak. I think my mother and I are just blocking it out and my father is thinking about what my brother was going through, but I can't think about that because if I think about that...." On the television you could see the second tower collapsing. "I'm never going to be the same," she said. "I was just thinking of going into sales because I'm such a people person.... But I'm not going to be that person anymore. I just want to sit behind a desk and not speak to anyone."

On the television you could hear a tape recording from Kenneth Van Auken, a Cantor Fitzgerald employee who called his wife and said on their answering machine: "I love you. I'm in the World Trade Center. And the building was hit by something. I don't know if I'm going to get out. But I love you very much. I hope I'll see you later. Bye."

People seemed eager to talk to a reporter. They came up to me—in contrast with the grief counselors—and handed me posters, stuffing them in my hands and pockets. I filled notebook after notebook with their stories. At table 106, a 34-year-old mother named Annette Vukosa leaned over and told me she had two children, a two-year-old and a seven-year-old. "The oldest doesn't want to hear his father might not come home," she said. "I told him, 'We're looking for your dad, but no matter what happens I really love you and I will take care of you.' But he said, 'My daddy's here. He's going to take care of me too.'" She paused. "When we used to go to Manhattan, his father would tell him, 'You see the tallest building? That's where I work.'"

I sat with her, looking at pictures of her family, until the room fell totally silent. Howard W. Lutnick, the head of the company, had arrived to give the latest updates on the search. He wore a black suit and his hair was slicked back over the top the way brokers often seem to prefer it. I had read in the papers that he was a fierce executive, someone who overwhelmed his rivals in the financial world. But as he surveyed the ballroom he seemed almost diminutive. He had survived Tuesday only because he had taken his son to school and had arrived at the twin towers just before they collapsed, as people were streaming out. "I'll do what I always do," he said now. "I'll tell you everything that I know. But I don't have all the answers and some of the things I say could be wrong and if it doesn't work out that way, I have just one rule: You can't be mad at me. Because I've had two people angry at me, as if somehow *I* did something." He paused, wiping his eyes. "So I just ask you, if someone is mad or angry or they think you did something wrong just try to remember ... no one's better and no one's worse and no one's right and no one's wrong. We're all suffering." He inhaled deeply. "So I'll tell you what I know. We've now confirmed that two of our employees' bodies have been found. Two people. They were on our floors. They did it with dental records. So for those of you who want me to, I'll say it as plain I can: They are no longer looking for survivors. They are now in the process of trying to find our families. That's what they're doing."

The room filled with cries. I could see Dr. Valvo holding his wife and the girl who had lost her brother slumped over and Annette reaching for her sister. A moment later a young man rose in the center of the room and started to shout, "Don't you take our hope! Don't you take our hope!"

Lutnick said he wasn't trying to. But the man continued: "How can you tell us we won't find our families when they are still looking for them?"

"I'll tell you why," Lutnick said. "Because my brother Gary Lutnick called my sister that morning and said, I'm stuck on the 103rd floor. I am trapped and there is no way out.'"



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He started to weep. "We are all on the same side," he said. "We all want our loved ones to be alive. We need them to be alive. They have to be alive. But you know what, they may not be. If you don't want that to be today, then I'm not telling you that it's today."

After a while Lutnick led everyone outside for a candlelight vigil and I broke off and headed home. As I came down Lexington Avenue I began to notice more and more white posters. They covered the railings, lampposts, and windows. It was getting dark but I could see the captions in the fading light: Chris M. Kirby ... a carpenter ... 152 lbs ... blue eyes ... William Kelly Jr. ... 6 feet ... 175 lbs ... Timex Ironman watch on left wrist ... Tonyell McDay ... African American ... approximately 5'4" ... ruby ring on left pinky finger ... Colleen Supinski ... large blue eyes ... long thick eye lashes ... tiny wrists and fingers ...

When I reached 27th Street the posters were everywhere, spilling out of newspaper boxes and telephone booths. I recognized some of the faces from the Pierre, but there were now hundreds more. I realized I had reached the Armory, where not just the people from Cantor Fitzgerald came, but all the victims' families filing their missing person reports. Crowds of people were walking around, holding lit candles, and handing out posters. "Have you seen this person?" a man said, showing me a picture of a young woman. He held up a candle so I could see it better. I shook my head. But when he saw my reporter's pads, he started telling me about his daughter. I didn't have any more space in the notebooks, but I turned over a poster and, under the light of his candle, began to write.

*Donations to the Cantor Fitzgerald Foundation may be sent to 101 Park Avenue, 45th Floor, New York, New York 10178-0002.*

## Foreign policy after September 11.

# No Choice

*By* LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN

WHAT DO Osama bin Laden, Saddam Hussein, and Susan Sontag have in common? All acknowledge a truth that most Americans would rather not: that what took place last week was, as Sontag put it, "[not an] attack on 'civilization' or 'liberty' or 'humanity' or 'the free world' but an attack on the world's self-proclaimed superpower, undertaken as a consequence of specific American alliances and actions." That those actions should be a source of pride and not a cause for self-flagellation is beside the point. Terrorist grievances aren't with America. They're with America's global power. And if the United States intends to snuff out terrorism, Americans will need to acknowledge the full extent of that power as well. Not, as Sontag presumably wishes, in order to dismantle it. But in order to wield it effectively in the coming struggle.

If it's true, as so many commentators insist, that last week's horror awakened America, it's equally true that we had a deep slumber from which to awaken. While Republicans turned inward during the 1990s, President Clinton assured the country that complex questions of politics and history had been resolved. "[A]t the dawn of a new millennium, we can envision a new era that escapes the twentieth century's darkest moments, fulfills its most brilliant possibilities..." he burbled in 1997. "The forces of global integration are a great tide, inexorably wearing away the established order of things." The conviction that these "forces"—or, put less grandly, "open markets"—could accomplish the traditional aims of U.S. foreign policy obscured the fact that something far more tangible was sustaining world order: American power. Over the past decade, the United States tallied up a record of frenetic military activism, led the world in economic productivity, and exported its popular culture to the farthest-flung precincts of the globe. Indeed, the conceit of the whole project was that it amounted to something other than global preeminence.

All the while this country's leaders asked nothing of its citizens: no casualties, no budget deficits, not even an adequate level of military expenditure. Central to hegemony on the cheap was the conviction that grand undertakings beyond our shores, much less a major war, were unnecessary, pointless, and even counterproductive. And even if they weren't, America lacked the resources to carry them out. As Clinton's undersecretary of state for policy, Peter Tarnoff, put it in 1993, "we simply don't have the leverage, we don't have the influence, we don't have the inclination to use military force, we certainly don't have the money."

Such assessments, coupled with deceit about the costs and purposes of American primacy, continue to this day. Hence, the discovery last week that America must still contend with cruel and resourceful foes has generated a certain fatalism, particularly among elites. Dubious that America's dominion can be sustained under assault, leading opinion makers have presented Americans with a list of phony choices. The United States, they claim, can't defend against missiles *and* terrorists. It can't fight terrorists conventionally *and* unconventionally. It can't wage a war against terrorism *and* uphold its competing obligations abroad. But the United States can do all of these things. Indeed, it has no choice.



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THE FIRST PHONY distinction is between what *Washington Post* columnist David Broder dismisses as "a theoretical 'rogue nation' missile threat," on the one hand, and America's very real vulnerability to terror, on the other. Senator Dianne Feinstein points out that "these planes were missiles a defense shield could not defend against," while her Democratic colleague, Patrick Leahy, declares that the assault proves "our threat is not a threat of somebody launching nuclear missiles at us." But the insistence that America's vulnerability to terrorists renders it invulnerable to missiles points either to a failure of logic or an ignorance about the world we inhabit. In the past few years, Pakistan, Iran, North Korea, and China have all test-launched ballistic missiles; and Syria, Iraq, and Libya have apparently acquired the components to do so. They're doing so for a reason—one that critics who cast missile defense as a Maginot Line refuse to grasp. As Muammar Qaddafi explained after the United States bombed Libya in 1986, "If Americans know that you have a deterrent force capable of hitting the United States, they would not be able to hit you. Consequently, we should build this missile force so that they and others will no longer think about an attack." He's right. An adversary armed with long-range missiles, points out Robert Joseph, President Bush's counterproliferation specialist at the National Security Council, can "hold American and allied cities hostage and thereby deter us from intervention."

What does that deterrent have to do with the newly declared war against terror? A lot. Because many of the same states that pose the greatest missile threat—Iran, Iraq, Libya, and Syria—also happen to be the leading sponsors of terror. Were they to acquire long-range missiles, the risk of confronting them directly—say, over their support for terrorism—would instantly become too steep to bear. Hence, as a recent RAND report puts it, "Ballistic missile defense is not simply a shield but an enabler of US action." Oddly enough, foreign critics like China's ambassador to the UN conference on disarmament, who complains that missile defense would grant the United States "absolute freedom in using or threatening to use force in international relations," understand its purpose far better than the American punditocracy.

Of course, many of its members don't seem terribly bothered by the idea that America might be deterred from attacking terrorist havens; they believe our anti-terror campaign can be waged right here at home. Lawrence Korb, the director of studies at the Council on Foreign Relations, says the billions of dollars the United States has expended on "sophisticated ships, planes, [and] tanks" would have been better spent on "more border police and customs agents, building more Coast Guard ships." Alas, in a free society such as our own, erecting an airtight defense against the sort of attack that brought down the twin towers simply isn't possible. Vigilant law enforcement, tighter immigration controls, heightened airport security—these measures may diminish America's vulnerabilities, but they can hardly eliminate the threat. To do that, America must go into the world.

"THE BEST DEFENSE," Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld told a news conference last week, "is an effective offense." He's right. But what sort of offense? According to a chorus of leading opinion makers, here the United States faces a second stark choice: Either it can respond to terror with its conventional war-fighting capabilities, which won't work, or with unconventional means, which it doesn't do very well. Plotting strategy from the cheese line at Zabar's, the editorial writers at *The New York Times* have let it be known that they find the "war talk we have heard from Washington ... disconcerting," as the Bush team hasn't the slightest clue "what sort of war this will be and how the United States can ensure that it prevails." Equally disconcerted, Stanford historian David Kennedy finds America "rendered the victim of an elusive foe impervious to the military might we have spent decades building" and against which "our conventional arsenal is all but useless." In this telling, our enemy is formless, invisible, ineffable. Or, as everyone from the retired generals who clog the cable news programs to the hosts on MTV have been explaining, the threat is "asymmetrical."

But the word obscures more than it clarifies. Our opinion makers seem to have forgotten that the asymmetry between terrorists and the United States is an asymmetry of power—and the power belongs to the United States. Moreover, that power may be wielded in innumerable ways at once. There is, after all, a geography of terror. Because it would play to the Pentagon's strengths, U.S. military planners naturally find the prospect of a conventional war more appealing than the unconventional alternative. And, indeed, our conventional arsenal has its uses. If U.S. policymakers conclude that a national government bears some measure of culpability for last week's attack—and Afghanistan's Taliban, by harboring and supporting bin Laden's network, surely do—American forces, even if operating primarily from the air, could exact a steep price from that regime. (This is especially true if, as administration officials believe, operations by the Afghan opposition could help force the Taliban out into the open, much as the KLA did to Serb forces in Kosovo.) Afghanistan's leadership may have weathered an unending civil war. But those same leaders have yet to endure the exponentially greater levels of violence that the U.S. arsenal can deliver. "Despite all the talk about their prowess, the Taliban are really just a ragtag band," says Ray Takeyh, a fellow at the Washington Institute for Near East Policy. "And they're much more susceptible to American firepower than many people imagine." (See Michael Rubin, "Weakest Link," page 11.)

To be sure, firepower won't suffice. Attacking a nation that harbors terrorists without attacking the terrorists themselves would hardly achieve American aims—not least because many of these terrorists nest outside Afghanistan, even in countries friendly to the United States. Here too, however, the United States has ample resources to bring to bear. Terrorists don't operate on their own. They belong to



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networks and cells, which can be interfered with, penetrated, and indeed eliminated. According to counterterrorism experts, the key lies in exposing these networks to sunlight, making them transparent, and then apprehending or killing their members. "A huge number of U.S. intelligence assets will be focused on terrorists," says defense analyst Michael Vickers, a former CIA and Special Forces officer, "and they will by no means be immune to those assets." Included among those assets is a vast electronic intelligence network, which will have a crucial role to play. So, too, will Special Operations forces. Recent history contains ample precedents for their use, particularly Israeli counterterror operations in the aftermath of the 1972 Munich massacre, which included a mix of intelligence operations, commando raids, air strikes, and assassinations that resulted in the elimination of nearly every terrorist involved in the attack. And Pentagon officials predict something along precisely those lines: One day, there may be a commando raid in Iraq. The next day an air strike, a helicopter assault, or an insertion of a Special Forces team into Afghanistan. And, the day after that, an abduction in Sudan.

WHICH LEADS US to the third false dichotomy. Just as terror doesn't obviate the need for missile defense, and just as one response to terror doesn't preclude another, neither does terrorism absolve U.S. foreign policy of its traditional aims. Being a superpower means being able to walk and chew gum at the same time. But, partly because U.S. policymakers have been unwilling to acknowledge the global enterprise to which the United States has committed itself, many foreign policy elites have persuaded themselves that we can't do both. "We no longer have the luxury of thinking about U.S. national security primarily in terms of protecting American allies and interests abroad," says Michele Flournoy, a senior adviser at the Center for Strategic and International Studies. "We need to give far more serious attention to protecting the U.S. homeland." That we do. But this hardly relieves the United States of its obligation to defend Taiwan from China, to stand by Israel and our European and Asian allies, and to defend American principles abroad. On the contrary, the administration's war against terror falls squarely within the realm of America's grand strategy.

Ten years ago, Paul Wolfowitz, the current deputy secretary of defense, neatly summarized that strategy in a Pentagon planning guidance, which called for the United States to "prevent the emergence of a new rival" and "prevent any hostile power from dominating" a vital region. One of the regions Wolfowitz had in mind was the Persian Gulf—and, in fact, bin Laden has stated explicitly that he intends to drive U.S. forces out of the region. To diminish our military presence there, as State Department officials have been recommending for months, would merely vindicate his efforts. But the United States has obligations beyond the Middle East as well. And there's a danger that the war on terror may obscure them. Absent a renewed commitment to defend Taiwan against China, for example, Chinese forces might exploit our attention to the Middle East to attack the island democracy. Indeed, a failure to mind the broader ends of U.S. foreign policy could leave us even more vulnerable than before to the conventional threats that consumed our attention until last week.

Resisting the inclination to isolate the war on terror from America's broader global strategy means resisting as well the fantasy that this war has transformed longtime foes into newfound friends. Already, Colin Powell has been musing about enticing Syria into America's coalition. And State Department Policy Planning Director Richard Haass, a longtime proponent of improved relations with Iran and other rogue regimes, has recommended doing the same with Tehran because of its "long history of opposition to the Taliban." To which Bush adviser Richard Perle sensibly responds that "[i]t would be crazy to bring in Iran, which is [itself] involved in terrorism." Crazy, because the State Department reported last year that "Iran remained the most active state sponsor of terrorism in 2000," while, only a few months ago, Attorney General John Ashcroft declared that Iranian officials "inspired, supported and supervised members of Saudi Hezbollah" who murdered 19 U.S. airmen in the 1996 Khobar Towers bombing. The United States has no reason to cultivate governments which themselves constitute part of the problem. During the Gulf war, the United States invited unsavory regimes into its coalition to clarify that America's war was against Iraq, not the broader Arab world. But to draft active sponsors of terrorism into a war against terrorism clarifies nothing. The problem here isn't that Haass and Powell don't understand the aims of America's adversaries. It's that they don't understand the aims of America.

WHILE THE State Department soothes our foes, America's military may soon find itself at war with them. Until last week, however, what passed for military strategy at the Pentagon amounted to little more than budgetary strategy. Chasing its tax cut, the White House repeatedly pared down Rumsfeld's funding requests. And congressional Democrats protested even the paltry sums it did approve. Last week's horror ought to put an end to this parsimony. So far Congress has authorized roughly $20 billion in additional defense funding. But it will need to do more. Last year the Congressional Budget Office estimated a $50 billion annual shortfall in military expenditures. And in the coming struggle, putting to use the gaudy prosperity the United States has enjoyed for a decade could spell the difference between victory and defeat.

"The national resources ... are exhausted," President Lincoln said in the midst of civil war, "and, as we believe, inexhaustible." If that was true in 1864, it's even more so in 2001. A candid acknowledgment of those resources, moreover, means putting to rest phony strategic choices. It means providing the armed forces with sufficient funds to fight the war against terror and any other wars that may loom on the horizon. It means defending the American homeland as well as its interests abroad. And, most of all, it means facing squarely the costs and purposes of American leadership. These things we can afford. Self-delusion we can't. ■



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# Stanley Kauffmann on Films

## Cruel Places

BARBET SCHROEDER IS unique. No other person in the film world can match his record of diversity. He has produced, directed, and written, and he has also appeared in small roles in many of his pictures. Among the twenty-one films that he has produced are one directed by Jacques Rivette, one by Wim Wenders, one by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and seven by Eric Rohmer, including Rohmer's masterpiece, *The Marquise of O*. Among the fourteen pictures that he has directed are *Barfly*, about Charles Bukowski, and *Reversal of Fortune*, about Claus von Bülow. Among the films that he has both written and directed is a documentary about Idi Amin. His uniqueness is further certified by the fact that this former student of philosophy at the Sorbonne has also worked on much lesser pictures. How his career has escaped major attention in a field that feeds on publicity is only one more puzzle about that field.

Now, at the age of sixty, Barbet Schroeder has written, directed, and coproduced a unique film: contemplative, very violent, sexually candid, and persistently religious. **Our Lady of the Assassins** (Paramount Classics) was adapted from a novel by the Colombian author Fernando Vallejo (unread by me) and takes place in Medellín, Vallejo's birthplace. A well-to-do novelist in his fifties named Fernando (your inferences are your own) returns to this city after a thirty-year absence: he is world-weary and wants to see his birthplace again. It has changed more than he had imagined. The somewhat rustic town set in the hills and girded with farms has become a mini-metropolis, with even more crime than most metropolises can flaunt. Some of Fernando's landmarks—cantinas, churches, villas—are still there, but the place is vastly different.

He talks about these changes with Alexis, a boy of sixteen or so with whom he begins a homosexual relationship immediately on his return. (All his life Fernando has been happily homosexual. When he is asked if he likes women, he replies, "Only if they have cute little brothers.") This liaison has been arranged for him by an old gay friend, and Fernando and Alexis like each other at once. Gentle and appreciative, the older man responds to this boy from the slums in a way that the experienced Alexis has not known.

The boy shows Fernando more of the new Medellín than Fernando can show Alexis of the old. To begin with—and ultimately to end with—Alexis carries a pistol. This is for self-defense, he explains, but also it is for irritation. We nearly lose count of the men he shoots in the course of the story, some of them in situations that might elsewhere involve a few punches—a quarrel with a taxi driver, another with a fellow who won't stop drumming. These are in addition to the gang wars that Alexis is caught up in. The effect that these killings have on Fernando? Almost none. He accepts the murders by his young lover as part of the new Medellín, a city that has fireworks displays to celebrate the safe arrival in the United States of a cocaine shipment.

Quite deliberately, the story meanders, punctuated by these offhand shootings, which come to seem as casual as the lovers' lives. Inevitabilities for Alexis come along, of course, but after they occur the story simply flows on, with an adjustment, an acceptance. This meandering texture serves thematic points. Schroeder is quietly juxtaposing middle-aged melancholia, the product of a society in which such melancholia is almost an obligation in a cultivated person, with an utterly pragmatic society in which such melancholia seems quaint and cynicism seems merely sentimental. In this new society, despite all the shootings, the police are never seen; there are no investigations, nothing; and though all the killings take place in the street, only once does a passerby react. More: Fernando and Alexis often visit churches—for the silence of God, says Fernando—and in the corners of those churches are drug dealers and crack smokers. The film does not imply that the rest of the world is like Medellín, but it certainly does imply that Medellín is supported by the rest of the world, is corrupted by it so thoroughly that any mention of corruption is almost stupid. Through this new city, the genteel returnee wanders with a boy whom he loves and who was produced by its slums. Without explication, their affectionate story and this skewed city blend to become something of a metaphor for the West.

Schroeder made the film in Medellín and survived. Restraint, authentic feeling, economy of means are distinguishing marks in his work here—the very last moment is eloquently simple—together with a jeweler's eye in casting the principal roles. Fernando is played by Germán Jaramillo, a well-known theater figure in Bogotá, who invests the part with exactly the right amusement-tinged dignity, with a Catholicism that he has cut to his measure, and with an emotional vulnerability that he is once more pleased to have invaded. Anderson Ballestros, as Alexis, plays no winsome flower from the gutter but a youth who has worked out his own ethics and who lives tranquilly in the midst of fragile tranquillity.

Not only from the last century but from a seemingly different human species comes an engrossing documentary, **The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition** (Cowboy). In 1914 Sir Ernest Shackleton led an expedition to the South Pole that did not get there. The pole had already been reached by Roald Amundsen in 1911, but Shackleton wanted to be the first to cross the Antarctic on foot to the pole, so as to claim the territory for Britain. He found twenty-seven men to accompany him. One of them was a photographer, and the center of this film is the photographic legacy of the expedition. Numerous glass negatives exist, as does some motion-picture footage; and the director, George Butler, has interwoven this material with color footage that he himself shot in Antarctica, together with recent interviews of people related to members of Shackleton's crew. *Endurance* was the name of their ship, and along with numerous incidents on board and on the ice, we see the ship ultimately trapped in that ice, crushed, and submerged. We also see some of Shackleton's grueling return trek with his men over the ice to the nearest whaling port.

Butler's documentary celebrates a recurrent strain in human behavior, the appetite for physical exploit. Hardly a year goes by without someone crossing the Atlantic in a small boat or trying to circle the globe in a balloon. Shackleton's expedition had some small imperial incentive, but it really did not make a great deal of sense to trudge through Antarctica just because someone had already gone to the South Pole. Basically, he and his men



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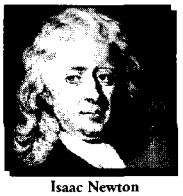
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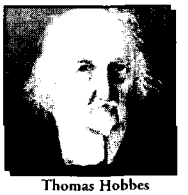
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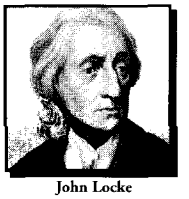
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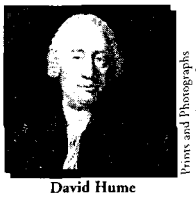
David Hume

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Many of the basic concepts shaping our world are "young" ideas, no more than a few centuries old. Modern science, technology, democratic government, natural rights, and even a general tendency to be open to innovation are a few examples. We take them as givens, even while we continue to debate their meaning and implications.

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**ALAN CHARLES KORS** (Ph.D., Harvard University) is Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania, where he has taught since 1968.

He is the author and editor of several books on European intellectual history, including *D'Holbach's Coterie: An Enlightenment in Paris, Atheism in France, 1660-1729: The Orthodox Sources of Disbelief;* and *Anticipations of the Enlightenment in England, France, and Germany.*

He has won two awards for distinguished college teaching and the Engalitcheff Award for defense of academic freedom. With Harvey A. Silverglate, he is co-author of *The Shadow University: The Betrayal of Liberty on America's Campuses, published in October (1998).*

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wanted to put themselves to a heroic test.

In a way, Shackleton's expedition succeeded by failing: the most significant fact about it is that, though they didn't reach their goal, all twenty-seven men in the crew came through the twenty-two months of outward journey and return. We can admire them best if we ignore the fact that this expedition took place during World War I, when millions of men were undergoing somewhat different tests of endurance. Still, this expedition is timeless and placeless, so to speak, divorced from reality elsewhere, a chivalric quest in mukluks. And the old photography fascinates. ■

# Martin Filler on Architecture

## Into the Void

DANIEL LIBESKIND'S **Jewish Museum** in Berlin, which formally opened in early September, three years after its completion, is the most talked-about work of architecture since Frank Gehry's Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. Libeskind's building attracted some 350,000 visitors even before its exhibits were finally installed this season, making it an architectural destination of the first order, though many who came to see it were impelled by religious and communal reasons rather than by aesthetic ones. The enthusiastic reception for Libeskind's building is altogether appropriate, for it is in many respects a profound and powerful work of art. And yet it is not exactly a success: there remains the question of how well this extraordinary architecture serves the complex purposes of this institution.

Apart from Gehry himself, who has improbably popularized this kind of demanding and idiosyncratic expressionism, Libeskind is the most conspicuous beneficiary of the so-called Bilbao Effect. Gehry's masterpiece has prompted cultural institutions around the world to clamor for similarly adventurous buildings that will generate as much publicity as the Basque branch of the New York-based multinational museum chain (though the realization that such a coup may be a once-in-a-lifetime phenomenon has eluded many patrons). The glittering precedent of Bilbao was certainly a major factor in Libeskind's being chosen to design additions to the Victoria & Albert Museum in London and the Denver Art Museum, both of which hope to raise their international profiles with his exceptionally assertive designs.

Although this development in some ways is good for architecture—intensified competition is always good, and as a result architecture is now the focus of more public attention than it has enjoyed for decades—it can be less than beneficial for the sponsoring parties. Tempted to favor spectacular schemes at the expense of functional logic, museums everywhere are falling prey to the notion that dramatic physical form is the most important aspect of a building. It is certainly necessary to find a way to draw in an audience distracted by more media stimulation than ever before; but what this audience will actually encounter once it gets inside seems to be given much less thought.

This disjunction between external style and internal substance appears to occur in inverse proportion to the quality of the works that a museum possesses. Yoshio Taniguchi's quietly minimalist infill scheme for New York's Museum of Modern Art, now under construction, signifies that the world's most distinguished collection of twentieth-century art, not the architect, is the star. Conversely, the dazzling theatrics of Gehry's building at Bilbao stupendously mask the artistic emptiness of the museum itself, the Guggenheim's deep deficiencies in acquisitions and programming.

When, in 1989, the Polish-born, Israeli-raised, American-educated Libeskind was chosen from among one hundred sixty-five architects to design a new Jewish Museum for the once and future German capital, he was at a considerable disadvantage. Winning an architectural competition in Europe is far from the promise of getting to build that is implied by such contests in the United States: in Europe a first prize is often seen as the opening of a dialogue rather than as a firm commission. Moreover, Libeskind was being asked to provide the spiritual identity for an enterprise with limited holdings and an amorphous sense of purpose, which was confirmed by the fact that the museum had gone through five changes of name and as many directors in the decade before the building was initially completed.

The original Jewish Museum, a miscellany of religious artifacts and works of art housed in part of the sprawling Oranienburg synagogue complex, was dedicated a week before Hitler took power in 1933. Five years later it was burned by the Nazis on *Kristallnacht*, its contents destroyed or scattered. Beginning in the 1960s, when the remnants of the city's Jewish community called for a new museum to replace the old one, the Berlin Municipal Museum began to collect objects relating to the community's history and established a special department within the museum for them. In due course, this departmentalization came to be seen as a kind of ghettoization, and pressure mounted for a separate institution devoted wholly to the subject of Germany's Jews.

By filling in the lacunae of the Jewish Museum's losses, Libeskind might be said to have succeeded too well. For while there can be no denying that he has created an architectural setting of immense psychological and emotional impact, his building to a great degree places the Holocaust in the very forefront of Jewish history, making it the defining standpoint for the consideration of the entire Jewish tradition. Now that the long-awaited displays have been installed and the enterprise at last can be viewed in its totality, this lachrymose emphasis seems clearer than ever. There is such a thing as architecture being too artful for its avowed function, and the Jewish Museum in Berlin is a fine illustration of that conundrum.

THE MUSEUM'S CURRENT director, former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal, engaged the New Zealand exhibition designer Ken Gorbey to devise a narrative presentation emphasizing the achievements of the Jews and downplaying the building's predominant architectural identity as a Holocaust memorial. Gorbey came up with a series of thirteen "topical islands," only one of which deals with the Nazi genocide. The dozen others deal with subjects ranging from the eighteenth-century "court Jew" Oppenheim to the rebirth of the Jewish community in Germany after World War II.

The objects on display include a medieval copy of a fourth-century Roman decree mentioning the presence of Jews in Germany for the first time, a set of circumcision instruments, a pair of blue



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jeans tailored by the German Jewish '49er Levi Strauss, and the protective glasses worn by Moses Mendelssohn while he earned his keep in a silk mill. Computers are integrated throughout the installation, dispensing information on Jewish customs and rituals: the typical mishmash of contemporary pop museology. Yet with one glaring exception—a tasteless floor installation composed of scores of metal discs, each sculpted with a screaming face—these galleries stop far short of the attempted synesthesia of the heart-rending display designed by Ralph Applebaum Associates in James Ingo Freed's United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. There visitors are issued a passport with the vital statistics of an actual victim of the Final Solution—a justifiable if misguided attempt to personalize one's apprehension of the catastrophe, the overwhelming magnitude of which puts it beyond imagination for most people.

The realization that such sympathy-inducing gimmicks are pathetically unequal to the gravity of the crime caused the Berlin museum's display designer great concern that his efforts not be interpreted as a theme park. "We are not going to be a Disneyland," vowed Gorbey, "but we are going to use up-to-date techniques." And so acute was the fear of museum officials that the new presentation would be seen as a vulgarization of an already beloved shrine that the press was banned from previewing the new displays. Interestingly, the person who seemed least fazed by the new museological interventions was the architect himself, a man of optimism and imperturbability. Recently Libeskind told *Die Zeit* that "up until now, the emptiness dominated, and in that way the effect of the building was to concentrate too much on the extinguishing of Jewish culture"—and he added, with a certain disingenuousness, that "it is not a Holocaust museum, after all." To which I would add, with apologies to Dorothy Parker, "And I'm the Lubavitcher rebbe."

One aspect of Libeskind's design that particularly appealed to the competition jurors was that his was the only one of the proposals in which the old Berlin Municipal Museum building—a renovated eighteenth-century courthouse in the Kreuzberg section of the city, just south of the newly redeveloped Potsdamer Platz—was not linked to the new structure by a bridge. Instead Libeskind joined the two structures with an underground passageway that alludes to the descent into barbarism that the Holocaust represented, and serves to disorient the visitor by removing any sense of easy transition from the charming old building to the frightening new one.

BITTER BREDT FOTOGRAFIE

Daniel Libeskind, Jewish Museum in Berlin, exterior wall detail

Viewed from the busy street that fronts it, Libeskind's deconstructivist building, with its vertically zinc-paneled walls slashed with angry diagonals on every elevation of the sharply angular exterior, stands in brutal contrast to the graceful, ochre-stuccoed Baroque entry building. As is generally the case in Libeskind's work, the patterns of those incised lines are neither random nor the product of purely aesthetic considerations. He gauged those overlapping patterns by working from a map of Berlin on which he plotted the former addresses of cultural figures, Jews and non-Jews, who shared certain affinities of style or temperament—for example, pairing the assimilationist Jewish *saloniste* Rachel Varnhagen and the Protestant philosopher Friedrich Schleiermacher.

The architect then drew lines connecting those coordinates and superimposed them on the fragmented façades. They in turn take their form from a similarly allusive ground plan, suggested by the angles of a shattered and scattered Star of David. More clearly distinguishable are a dozen smallish crosses cut into the zinc paneling. According to the museum's explanatory pamphlet, they make you "feel compelled to think about the links between the cross and destruction. You wonder about the connections between the church and the Holocaust."

Libeskind's conceptual method is very much in line with Jasper Johns's famous injunction to take an object, do something to it, then do something else to it. Two of the architect's current projects in Britain—the Imperial War Museum North, under construction in the Manchester suburb of Salford, and the projected Shoah Center, planned for a site not far from there—take their form from the imaginary pieces of a demolished globe. And the Jewish Museum in downtown San Francisco (which recently merged with the Judah L. Magnes Museum in Berkeley and will assume that name) uses as its point of departure the two letters of the Hebrew word *chai*, or life. The architect calls that literal reference "an exploration of the fact that Jewish texts are not symbols of any sort or the means to something else, but the thing itself"—which is to say that *chai* does not mean life, it *is* life.

None of Libeskind's allegorical references is readily apparent to the average viewer without prior knowledge of the architect's intentions, and they are intelligible only when one looks at the ground plan (or, in the case of the Berlin building, if one views it from the air). This is proved by the fact that Libeskind's lightning-bolt-



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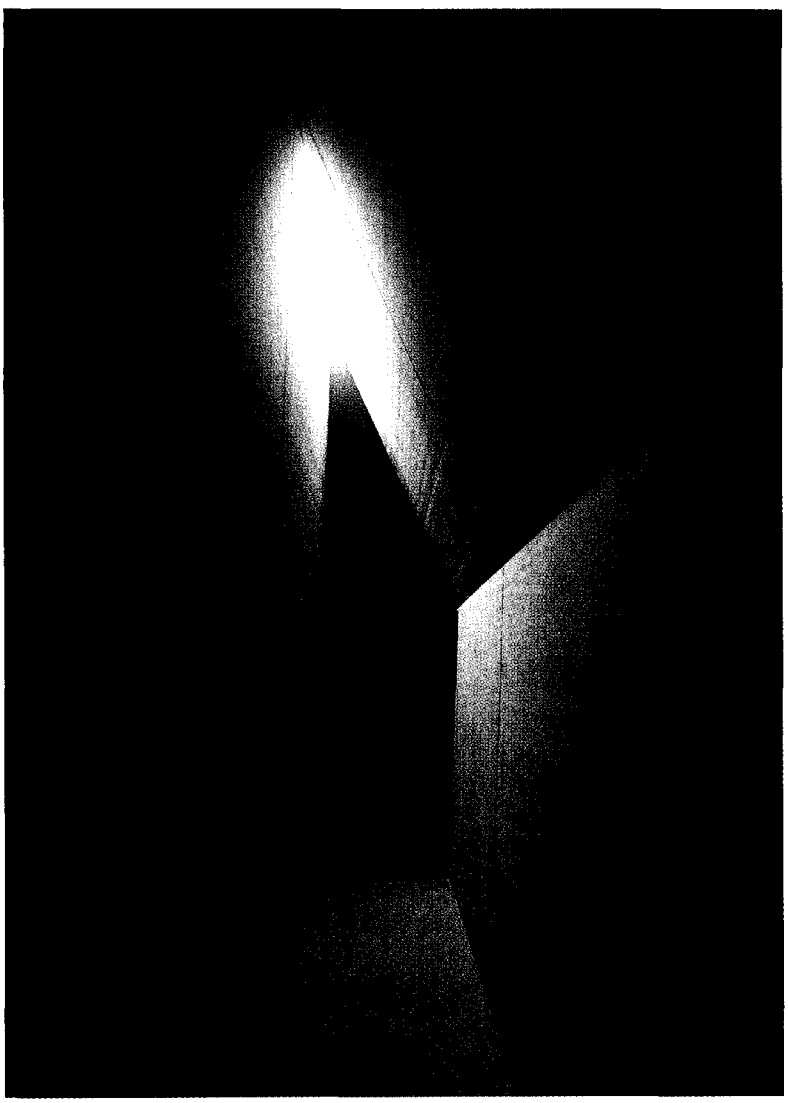
like Berlin layout was shamelessly copied, down to each precise angle, by the firm of Ashton Raggatt McDougall for the new National Museum of Australia, which opened in Canberra earlier this year. It reads no more as a deconstructed religious symbol Down Under than it does in the German capital.

The author of the original plan has screamed bloody murder over this bald plagiarism. Libeskind has done the same in the past, accusing Peter Eisenman of ripping off his Jewish Museum garden for the 1999 design for the Memorial for the Murdered Jews of Europe, to be erected over the ruins of Hitler's Reich Chancellery next to the Brandenburg Gate. Even paranoids have enemies. Yet Libeskind's antipodean copyists were only following an age-old architectural tradition in which imitation was the sincerest form of larceny, though an interim of centuries, not just a few years, used to be considered a respectable interval.

Libeskind's putatively innovative approach toward generating architectural form from representational objects harks back to an old-fashioned, literal-minded *architecture parlante*—buildings whose forms "speak" of their function. The Big Duck farm stand of 1931 on Long Island (immortalized by Denise Scott Brown and Robert Venturi), which sold the eponymous poultry, or Eero Saarinen's TWA Terminal of 1956–1962 at John F. Kennedy Airport, which resembles a bird in flight, are two well-known modern examples. Since Libeskind's analogies are best understood from above, a closer parallel might be Claude-Nicolas Ledoux's late-eighteenth-century proposals for a House of Pleasure and a Temple of Love: those state-run French brothels would have been laid out with floor plans in the shape of a giant phallus, flanked with pairs of testicular salons.

Once inside the Jewish Museum, however, the hyper-cleverness of Libeskind's strenuously extraneous references—the mangled Magen David, the dot-to-dot address book of Berlin intelligentsia, the Pius XII perforations—are quickly obliterated by his profoundly disturbing manipulations of space. Emerging upward from the tunnel connecting the old building with the new, you enter a criss-crossed nexus of corridors with slightly sloping floors that wholly subvert the stability and the regularity that we customarily associate with architecture. The three-degree pitch of the walkways is not pronounced enough to feel like a ramp, and yet it is clearly not a normal surface either. You literally begin to lose your footing, and the physical and psychic displacements of the Holocaust become palpable.



BITTER BREDT FOTOGRAFIE

Daniel Libeskind, Jewish Museum in Berlin, Holocaust Void

The feeling of unease is further accentuated by the harsh overhead fluorescent lighting in that Caligari-like concrete labyrinth. Relentlessly cold and industrial, this infernal maze speaks chillingly of the Nazis' mechanization of death. Yet it does so without resorting to the literalism of Freed's Holocaust Museum, with its oven doors, prison catwalks, and so on. Here Libeskind summons up a far more desperate sense of helpless entrapment, all the more oppressive for its nightmarish abstraction. It is as scary as one of those horror movies in which you never see the monster, a prospect always more terrifying in the mind's eye than when the dreaded thing is actually depicted.

Interrupting the collision of corridors are seven "voids"—inaccessible walled-off spaces that refer to the removal of the Jews from the continuum of German culture. (Libeskind, who descends from a famous Hasidic dynasty on his mother's side, subscribes to an almost kabbalistic belief in numerology, and his design choices are often informed by such symbolism.) As with the diagonal patterning of the exterior walls and the building's referential ground plan, the average visitor will not understand precisely what is going on. You simply find your way around one of these obstacles without giving it much thought. And yet the sense that something is not right, that everything is really wrong, remains unavoidable. In his characteristically impenetrable texts Libeskind is apparently more concerned with stroking the intellectual vanity of architectural cognoscenti than in conversing with the informed public, but there is nothing esoteric about the effect of his building: it connects with the force of a blow to the solar plexus.

That is also the case with the building's monumental Stair of Continuity, which leads from the intersecting passageways up to the temporary exhibition galleries on the second floor and to the permanent collection on the third and fourth levels, reached through doorways on landings. Dramatically angled concrete beams support the stairwell, which narrows as it rises upward toward the light—and a dead end. Slot-like windows cut into the exterior wall offer tantalizing but distancing snippets of the outside world, which continues in its quotidian indifference to what is being experienced inside this infernal construct—a perfect metaphor for the Holocaust if there ever was one.



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But none of these spaces prepares the visitor for the wholly devastating Holocaust Void, which is nothing less than the most affecting memorial chamber of modern times. Positioned at one end of the ground-floor corridor maze, this bleak concrete tower rises to the full ninety-foot height of the museum. It is entered through a massive door that obligingly swings shut behind you with a dull, menacing thud. It takes a few moments for your eyes to adjust to the dimly lit space within, an irregularly shaped, acutely angled trapezoid that is indirectly lit only by a narrow slit near the top. An industrial metal ladder leading up to the roof is set into one of the walls, but it begins so high above the floor that you would need another ladder to reach it. There is no escape and no refuge; there is not a comforting word nor an uplifting image—no inscription, no natural form, no eternal flame. Unseen perforations in one wall deliberately allow the sounds of the street to filter in, heightening one's feeling of abject apartness.

Soaring but claustrophobic, seemingly controlled but wildly irrational, this mute chamber of horror is at once a cenotaph for the victims of a vast and unspeakable crime as well as an indictment of those who committed it. The only recent commemorative work that comes close to it in its monolithic simplicity and desperate depth of feeling is Maya Lin's Vietnam Veterans Memorial of 1981–1982 in Washington, D.C. Here, of course, there was no possibility of inscribing all, or even most, of the names of the dead.

And at the same time the Holocaust Void feels absolutely personal, like all the greatest art. You want to flee this unbearable confine, which will not be heated in winter nor cooled in summer, but since you are convinced that this is a sacred place you depart slowly. Berlin is a city loaded with memorials of all sorts to its slaughtered Jews, but with all due respect to the countless other artists who have struggled with the same challenge that Libeskind has here confronted, this building is certainly the definitive statement on the Holocaust in architectural form. If there are too many Holocaust memorials in too many places where their presence seems forced, then thank God this is the one in Berlin.

After leaving the Holocaust Void, one is eager to exit a nearby door and take refuge in the E.T.A. Hoffmann Garden, which the architect named after the writer who once had an office in the vicinity. Although it is a relief to leave the terrible tower behind, this is no rose garden. Centering the courtyard is a tight sculptural grouping of seven rows of seven squared-off concrete columns. Each one is planted with a willow oak, the small grayish leaves of which remind Libeskind of the olive trees of Jerusalem. These trees have a horizontal growth habit that will cause them to spread like a continuous canopy over the whole installation. Slightly but again disorientingly skewed a few degrees off plumb, the tall, hollow forms are spaced widely enough apart for visitors to walk among them, but just barely. They crowd in on you, brush your clothing, and have much the same menacing effect as the tilting steel sculptures of Richard Serra (who initially collaborated with Peter Eisenman on the Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe and then broke with the architect, who is now executing the project by himself).

Aside from what Libeskind insists is Eisenman's appropriation of his original idea, the garden composition recalls a number of other things as well. It evokes the serial minimalism of Sol LeWitt and Donald Judd of the 1970s, and the funerary architecture of Aldo Rossi, and even the stripped classicism of the Third Reich. What it most recalls, however, is the Old Jewish Cemetery in Prague, with its tilting tombstones crowded in dense ranks. Yet despite the poignant evocation of a graveyard, the trees and the sky overhead offer the indescribably welcome relief of nature so conspicuously absent from the harrowing man-made interior of the building.

So quickly did the Jewish Museum find a responsive audience after it began receiving visitors in 1999 that many people called for the building to remain devoid of the planned historical exhibits. Libeskind has to a great extent usurped the original purpose of the building, producing a memorial scheme that overwhelms all other references and purposes, and I am inclined to agree with those who would have preferred the structure to stand as a pure monument. There are any number of other places in Berlin where the story of the Jewish people can be told with less competition from the architectural setting, but none that captures the spirit of a colossal human tragedy as effectively as this one.

WHAT MAKES THE Jewish Museum all the more remarkable is that it was Libeskind's first built work. Like the equally high-minded Louis Kahn, he got a very late professional start. The son of Holocaust survivors who were interned in the Soviet Union, resettled in Kyrgyzstan, returned to their native Poland, and then emigrated to Israel, Libeskind first showed promise as an accordion prodigy, winning a student keyboard competition whose prize had previously gone to Daniel


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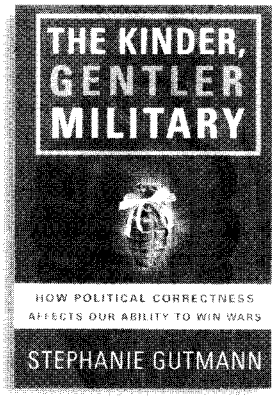


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Barenboim, Itzhak Perlman, and Pinchas Zukerman. The odd choice of instrument stemmed from his parents' fear of inciting anti-Semitic envy among their Polish neighbors if they bought a piano for their son, who now freely admits that "if I'd had a piano, I would never have become an architect." (Libeskind has lately returned to his musical roots by accepting design commissions for two opera productions, Messiaen's *Saint François d'Assise* for Berlin's Deutsche Oper, and Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* for Saarbrücken and the Salzburg Festival.)

But the young man grew bored with what he saw as the narrow confines of musical technique, and after his parents came to the United States he decided to study architecture, which he saw as a broader stage for his creative aspirations. At Cooper Union, as a student of the late John Hejduk, Libeskind became particularly interested in the poetics of architecture, and from Robert Slutsky he learned much about collaging architectural form. He also became interested in architectural theory, which he later taught at various schools, producing hypothetical designs in the emergent deconstructivist manner, in which buildings appeared to be taken apart—a trope suggested by the literary device of critical deconstruction.

Libeskind first came to wide public attention in 1988 as one of seven architects (including Gehry, Eisenman, and Rem Koolhaas) featured in the Museum of Modern Art show "Deconstructivist Architecture," curated by Philip Johnson and Mark Wigley. This was Johnson's self-conscious attempt to recapture the influential impact of his and Henry-Russell Hitchcock's epochal "Modern Architecture: International Exhibition," held at that same museum in 1932, which codified the International Style. "Deconstructivist Architecture" was intended to sound the death knell for postmodernism (which Johnson embraced in his own work of the 1980s) and to supersede it with a new look. Johnson insisted that deconstructivism was not yet another style but, as he wrote in the exhibition catalog, "a concatenation of similar strains from various parts of the world."

Libeskind's featured project in the show, called City Edge, was proposed for Berlin's Tiergarten section, a verdant no-man's-land near the Wall. The scheme centered around a huge horizontal office and residential development that evoked the visionary megastructures imagined by the revolutionary architects of the late 1960s. But Libeskind also alluded to the Communist-built barrier adjacent to the site by elevating the colossal, extruded rectangular mass ten stories above street level on irregularly placed, tilted, and crossed stilts. "It subverts the logic of the wall," Libeskind wrote of his super-building, "by lifting itself up and creating a new public street below: it becomes a device for breaking down divisions rather than establishing them.... This becomes a new reading of the disorder within the city itself, a reading disclosed when the authority of the walls that define its structure are undermined."

Whether or not this user-unfriendly scheme would have functioned as its designer intended, it marked an audacious departure from what had passed for avant-garde architectural practice in Berlin. That seemingly advanced but in fact nostalgic approach was typified by the postmodern housing built there during the 1980s under the auspices of the IBA (International Building Exhibition), the same group that gave Libeskind his prize. That award, and the later validation accorded the project by its display at MoMA, marked the turning point in his career, not least of all in Berlin itself. In his unwillingness to revert to prewar models for that post-apocalyptic city, Libeskind offered a provocative alternative to the notion that a conventional restoration of Berlin's shredded urban fabric was desirable, or even possible. Moreover, the degree to which commercial real-estate interests have ridden roughshod over the development of public space in Berlin since reunification lends added poignancy to Libeskind's unsentimental and yet idealistic stance.

All of the aforementioned attitudes made Libeskind the ideal candidate for the design of what was initially called, with alarming circumlocution, the "Extension of the Berlin Museum with the Jewish Museum Department." In 1988, an open competition was announced for all architects in the Federal Republic of Germany to submit designs for the commission, and a dozen foreign practitioners, including Libeskind, were asked for proposals as well.

At the age of forty-three, Libeskind won the Jewish Museum competition. At first it seemed that the timing of that prize could not have been worse, coming as it did in the year of the collapse of communism. Helmut Kohl's swift decision to reunify Germany and to reinstate Berlin as its capital caused a host of pending construction projects to be put on hold. But the sensitive nature of the Jewish Museum saved it from the scandal of being postponed indefinitely, and it was eventually given the go-ahead while many other government-sponsored schemes languished.

Libeskind moved to Berlin to oversee the project, realizing that if he were not constantly present (a rare thing in today's globalized architectural practice), he risked losing the momentum. Thus he devoted an extraordinary amount of effort to this single work, which he invested with an obsessive attentiveness. Like most architects' first buildings, this one is crammed with ideas, and spurred by a desire to quickly demonstrate how much one knows, as if another commission might never come along. Unfortunately, Libeskind's proclivity to do too much in a single design has only grown since then. One wishes that he would simplify, simplify, rather than complicate, complicate.

By far the most controversial of Libeskind's current projects is his planned addition to the Victoria & Albert Museum in London. Called The Spiral, this startlingly angular structure, intended to serve as an orientation center as well as an emblem of progressive attitudes toward design, would be inserted into a now-open quadrangle along Exhibition Road in South Kensington. Surrounded on three sides by the museum's Victorian buildings, and located directly across the street from Alfred Waterhouse's majestic and underappreciated Natural History Museum, the site is an exceptionally sensitive one; but Libeskind has responded with his customary context-be-damned bravado.

This is not a spiral in the manner of Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum. It resembles instead a fragmented, up-ended, monochromatic Rubik's Cube, its fractal-patterned tile skin quivering with the nervous tension that in some quarters is equated with architectural profundity. In recent years, the V&A has been plagued by a dispiriting series of administrative disasters, financial cutbacks, and plummeting attendance figures, all reflecting the larger malaise of an institution that has lost track of its identity and its mission. It is doubtful that this quixotic scheme would have proceeded this far were it not for its patrons' eagerness to create a stir at any cost. Such appetite for sensation has apparently blinded their eyes to the fact that this is not a very good design, its appropriateness to its setting aside.

Quite correctly, Libeskind's costly and abrasive proposal (originally estimated at $120 million, some twenty percent more than Gehry's vastly larger Bilbao, but now subject to considerable cost-cutting) is causing many people to question whether this essentially symbolic gesture is the most pressing of the V&A's priorities. Britain's culture secretary has put the scheme on hold while the V&A's new director, Mark Jones, prepares a report on the institution's most pressing priorities; and it is hard to imagine that



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this extravagant public relations gesture will be seen as high among them. With some $75 million still to be raised for construction and the institution faced with a daunting array of problems, the future of The Spiral now seems very much in doubt.

But this will not deter Libeskind, who is certain to receive more Holocaust-related commissions in the years ahead, as the generation that directly experienced World War II makes one last bid for remembrance before passing from the scene. He ought to take a leaf from Maya Lin's book in limiting the number of commemorative jobs he accepts. So overwhelming was the success of Lin's first work, the initially maligned Vietnam Memorial, that she came to dread the news of some fresh disaster, knowing that she would have to decline the request for a copy of her great memorial.

Libeskind is an architect of undeniable quality and uncommon promise, but many of his designs betray the hyperactive virtuosity that the former musical wunderkind has never really outgrown. The star system in his chosen profession can be just as destructive to the naturally talented as the star system in the profession that he left behind. One hopes that this intriguingly gifted artist will channel his prodigious energies into work that is as solidly grounded as his Jewish Museum in Berlin, a work that will explain to future generations what cannot be said in words about the twentieth century's darkest deed. ■

Globalization, America, and the wretched of the earth.

# The Snake

*By* Alan Wolfe

I.

"As ... the twentieth century draws to a close," write Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri, "capitalism is miraculously healthy, its accumulation more robust than ever." For these writers, though not for most consumers and citizens, capitalism's capacity to survive, and even to flourish, poses a grave problem. "How can we reconcile this fact," they ask, "with the careful analyses of numerous Marxist authors at the beginning of the century who pointed to the imperialist conflicts as symptoms of an impending ecological disaster running up against the limits of nature?" Everything that is flawed about this deeply flawed book is contained in the way the authors ask, and then try to answer, this question.

The most obvious of these flaws is the premise that there is anything to reconcile in the first place. Analysts committed to falsifiable ways of developing theories about the world, when faced with a gap between what was expected to happen and what actually happened, would likely reason along these lines: Marx predicted frequent crises in the capitalist mode of production that would eventually lead to socialism, but in reality capitalism succeeded and socialism failed, and so something must be wrong with Marxism. But the argumentation in this book cares as little for logic as it does for empirical reality.

For Hardt and Negri, Marxism is simply a given. This does not mean that it is sacrosanct: on the contrary, much of this book is devoted to moving beyond just about everything that Marx had to say about modern capitalism. Yet all these exertions are made in the name of Marxism, including the choice of language and metaphor, the reliance on ponderous theory, and the weakness for the issuance of manifestos. Whereas Marx separated these tasks, producing an all-time best-seller as well as long volumes of historical and economic analysis, Hardt and Negri throw it all together in one meandering, wordy, and incoherent book—a book that, as the authors themselves suggest, need not be read from start to finish but can be hopscotched through if the reader prefers. (I chose to read it the old-fashioned way.)

Empire
by Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri
(Harvard University Press, 504 pp., $18.95 paper)

Even if one does believe that Marx is worth consulting about the trajectory of capitalism, the notion that Marxism was concerned with an impending ecological catastrophe is the second mortal flaw in the question that Hardt and Negri pose. Marx himself was a celebrant of industry over agriculture, a determined modernist quite happy to see "the idiocy of rural life" destroyed once and for all. And the twentieth-century writers who extended Marxist theory to the relationship between capitalist societies and their colonies—Lenin and Luxemburg are the two most prominent intellectuals in this regard, and the two most discussed by Hardt and Negri—were similarly oblivious to any limits that nature might impose on man's capacity to expand. Lenin, having shed so few tears over the killing of one of nature's more interesting creatures (I mean us), was hardly likely to weep at the demise of the snail darter. It is equally difficult to imagine Luxemburg—urban, cosmopolitan, Jewish—as a lover of the Polish landscape. Ecology, far from being a term identified with the left, was actually coined by Ernst Haeckel, a German writer with distinctly fascist sympathies. Thus one has to read Hardt and Negri's question many times over, so flat-out wrong are its assertions and its assumptions, in order to judge whether they can possibly be serious.

As irrelevant as ecology was to Marxism, it is very relevant to today's political activists—or militants, as these writers prefer to call them. Unlike Marx, who developed a theory and then looked for a class that might embody its realization, Hardt and Negri begin with angry and disaffected people and then try to raise a theory that might explain, or explain away, their frustration. Some (but not all) of those concerned with the condition of the environment are indeed furious, and sometimes their fury takes radical, even violent, forms. And so Hardt and Negri make a dangerously opportunistic move: they simply reinterpret the tradition out of which they write to accommodate the new radicalism, as if Marxism can be moved this way or that way depending upon who happens to be protesting what on any particular day.

Hardt and Negri provide a brief catalogue of the protests that they find most thrilling. Some of the events on their list—Tiananmen Square, the intifada, Chiapas—are either fresh in memory or still taking place, while others—the Los Angeles race riots in 1992 and the strikes in France in 1995 and in South Korea in 1996—are already a little hazy. The authors quickly acknowledge that those protests were brief, inspired few imitations, and were not focused on a common enemy. Still, "we ought to be able to recognize that although all of these



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struggles focused on their own local and immediate circumstances, they all nonetheless posed problems of supranational relevance, problems that are proper to the new figure of imperial capitalist regulation."

The same recognition, presumably, would apply to such protest movements as the Seattle demonstrations against the World Trade Organization, the Genoa protests against the G-8 meeting, and the protests against the International Monetary Fund and World Bank that were supposed to take place in Washington this week. (Hardt and Negri wrote an op-ed in *The New York Times* in support of the Genoa protests in July.) For whether the participants in any of these events realize it or not, Hardt and Negri instruct, they are all engaged in the same activity, which is "a refusal of the post-Fordist regime of social control."

FORDISM! THE TERM was coined by the Italian Marxist thinker Antonio Gramsci to characterize a society in which the assembly line no longer organizes just the factory but spreads to society as a whole. It is a radical term of art for industrial settings. But Mexican peasants, Chinese students, and Palestinian nationalists neither live nor work in highly organized industrial societies, a fact that deserves to be regarded as a problem for anyone who would interpret the Mexican, Chinese, and Palestinian movements as evidence of a rebellion against capitalism. But Hardt and Negri hasten to reassure us that there is no problem at all, because capitalism itself is no longer Fordist, and this opens up new possibilities for opposition.

Under Fordist modes of production, they explain, protest spreads horizontally: workers in one country would go on strike, hopefully stimulating workers in other countries to do likewise, and the eventual result (assuming the theory works, which of course it does not) would be a general strike across all nation-states that would paralyze capitalism and render it powerless. In post-Fordist conditions, by contrast, protests "are forced to leap vertically and touch immediately on the global level." Marx developed the metaphor of the mole to portray the ways in which movements of workers would bore through tunnels hidden from sight, only to emerge from time to time to make themselves seen and heard. The appropriate metaphor for the conditions in which protest movements now find themselves, in Hardt and Negri's view, is the snake. Slithering around at the edges of the new global order, these movements "are immediately subversive in themselves and do not wait on any sort of external aid or extension to guarantee their effectiveness." They are capable instead of coiling themselves up to "strike directly at the highest articulations of the imperial order."

The authors of *Empire* see no reason to exclude explicit reactionaries, including religious fundamentalists, from the catalogue of post-Fordist movements that they admire. Fundamentalists, they write, are often portrayed as anti-modernist, but this is Western propaganda. "It is more accurate and more useful ... to understand the various fundamentalism [*sic*] not as the re-creation of a pre-modern world, but rather as a powerful refusal of the contemporary historical passage in course." Neglecting to mention the Taliban's treatment of women, Hardt and Negri go out of their way to reassure readers of the genuinely subversive nature of the Islamic version of fundamentalism. These movements are motivated not by nostalgic attempts to reconstruct the past, but by "original thought." They are anti-Western, which means that they are anti-capitalist. Properly understood, they are postmodern rather than premodern, since they engage in a refusal of Western hegemony, with the proviso that fundamentalism speaks to the losers in the globalization project and postmodernism to the winners. Hardt and Negri even leave the impression that, if they had to choose between the postmodernists in Western universities and the fundamentalists in Iran, they would prefer the latter: "The losers in the process of globalization might indeed be the ones who give us the strongest indication of the transformation in process."

WE CANNOT KNOW, of course, whether Hardt and Negri, in the light of the recent atrocities at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, will want to change their minds about the progressive potential of Islamic fundamentalism. But their book gives no grounds on which such attacks can be condemned. For if being against the West is the sine qua non of good and effective protest, well, no one could accuse the murderers in New York and Washington of not being against Western hegemony. And if it is true, as Hardt and Negri blithely claim, that efforts to find legitimate reasons for intervening in world affairs are only a smokescreen for the exercise of hegemonic power, then the way is cleared for each and every illegitimate act of global intervention, since in the postmodern world of this book no justifiable distinctions between good and evil acts can ever be made.

Never saying so explicitly, the authors of this book, in identifying their hopes with such disparate movements of protest whatever their targets or their political coloration, are throwing over the most central proposition of Marxism: class consciousness. Workers no longer need to be aware of themselves as workers in order to bring down capitalism. They need not develop a revolutionary strategy, for under contemporary conditions "it may no longer be useful to insist on the old distinction between strategy and tactics." They do not even need to be workers. All that is required is that they set themselves up against power, whatever and wherever power happens to be.

Never mind that movements that do so can stand for wildly different objectives—an open society here, a closed society there; or that they are also, as Hardt and Negri point out, often unable or unwilling to communicate with each other. Indeed, as Hardt and Negri do not point out, they might, if they had the chance, prefer to kill one another. But this lack of communication and mutual appreciation "is in fact a strength rather than a weakness." Traditional Marxism aimed to find the weakest link in the capitalist system and to exploit it. But there are no more weak links. Capital has become so pervasive that it exposes itself nowhere, but this means that it is really exposed everywhere. Protest movements simply cannot be peripheral: since there is no center, there is no periphery. Everything that dissents—even "piercings, tattoos, punk fashion and its various imitations"—foreshadows the stirrings that are necessary to challenge the new forms that capitalism is taking.

## II.

MOST OF *EMPIRE* is an exercise in nominalism, in the attempt to name, rather than to describe, to analyze, or even to condemn, the new order that its authors see emerging. Although it is presumably devoted to outlining the contours of a new mode of production, the book contains no data, offers no effort to demonstrate who owns what or holds power over whom, and provides no indicators of any of the deplorable conditions that it discusses. As if once again to distinguish itself from Marx, *Empire*, like the left Hegelians whom Marx once attacked, moves entirely at the level of ideas. Unlike the left Hegelians, however, Hardt and Negri handle ideas incompetently.

This would-be revolutionary book starts, of all places, with the ideas of Hans Kelsen, before jumping over to John Rawls and Niklas Luhmann. Each new chapter seems to suggest that Hardt and Negri, having cleared their throats, are about to turn to the world around them—



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but then, out of nowhere, there arrives a discussion of Augustine, Machiavelli, or Polybius. It is impossible to know which of the two authors was primarily responsible for which portions of the book, but the reader comes away with the impression that one of them—Negri—has spent so much time in prison reading and taking notes that he is determined to cram into the book everything that he has uncovered, pertinent or not.

The point of this exercise in intellectual name-dropping is to argue that imperialism has been replaced by something called "Empire." Although global in its ambitions, imperialism was dependent on the nation-state, for each imperial power attempted to organize the globe on behalf of the national corporations that it represented. In that sense, imperialism was associated with Fordism. Organized horizontally, moreover, imperialism divided the world into blocs, each controlled by a central power that looked with suspicion on—and from time to time engaged in war with—rival imperial powers. That form of capitalist organization, however much it may have concentrated the mind of Lenin, is on its way out, and Hardt and Negri bid it good riddance. Just as Marx celebrated capitalism's victory over feudalism, they exhort radicals today to take heart in the fact that imperialism is being replaced by Empire.

Empire itself emerges with postmodernity. (In its initial formulation, "postmodern" was an adjective modifying a noun such as a condition, a novel, a building, or a city; but as Hardt and Negri use the term, it is transformed into an actual thing that presumably began at a particular point in time and exists in a particular place, though neither the time nor the place is ever specified by them.) Unlike imperialism, Empire has no center and is not controlled by anyone. As the authors characteristically put it: "Empire exhausts historical time, suspends history, and summons the past and future within its own ethical order." Empire is—this is where Luhmann comes in—autopoietic, that is, it runs by itself. "The imperial machine lives by producing a context of equilibria and/or reducing complexities, pretending to put forward a project of universal citizenship and toward this end intensifying the effectiveness of its intervention over every element of the communicative relationship, all the while dissolving identity and history in a completely postmodern fashion."

Under conditions of Empire, everything is in flux and up for grabs. It no longer follows, as it did under imperialism, that economic factors determine all other aspects of life. Capitalism, especially in its Fordist forms, aimed to impose order on otherwise anarchic processes, but it was content to transform the surplus labor of workers into capital, and so it managed to stop short of exercising full control over the individual's mind and body. Post-Fordism went further: by extending the factory to social life as a whole, it also extended power's reach into schools, prisons, and asylums. People living under Empire require even more control than those forms found in early versions of post-Fordism, for the essentially post-Fordist disciplinary institutions analyzed by Michel Foucault "did not succeed in consuming them completely in the rhythm of productive practices and productive socialization; it did not reach the point of permeating entirely the consciousness and bodies of individuals, the point of treating and organizing them in the totality of their activities." In the stage in which we find ourselves now—let us call it post-post-Fordism—society is "... subsumed within a power that reaches down to the ganglia of the social structure and its processes of development [and] reacts like a single body. Power is thus expressed as a control that extends throughout the depths of the consciousness and bodies of the population—and at the same time across the entirety of social relations."

Hardt and Negri call this process of total control "bio-power," which they define as "a form of power that regulates social life from its interior, following it, interpreting it, absorbing it, and rearticulating it." By transforming Marx's economic determinism into a form of biological determinism, Hardt and Negri manage to remove every last shred of humanism in Marxism. For all his insistence that his criticism of capitalism was motivated by considerations of science rather than by considerations of morality, Marx never fully abandoned the anthropocentric character of the romantic movements out of which he emerged. He was, for one thing, persuaded that human beings possessed an irreducible nature; inspired by Prometheus, Marx took it for granted that they came equipped with a drive to create. It was precisely this productive capacity—this determination on the part of human beings to create value—that drove capitalists to try to expropriate from workers their human essence, their "species being."

But Hardt and Negri will have none of this talk of human nature, or use value, or labor power. Capital will exploit wherever and whatever it can. With bio-power in command, our bodies are no longer irreducibly ours. Our bodies have instead turned against themselves; they are the very instruments by which we are controlled by forces external to us. We therefore have to "recognize our posthuman bodies and minds" and see ourselves "for the simians and cyborgs we are" before we can begin to unleash whatever creative powers we may have left over.

But all is not lost for us simians and cyborgs. Unlike the writers of the Frankfurt School, who also emphasized the authoritarian character of contemporary capitalism, writers such as Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, who are the true intellectual heroes of *Empire*, recognize that efforts at total control create contradictions of their own. Here, in prose that insults language, is how Hardt and Negri summarize what they have understood:

## Piece Work

You are Ann, you take in sewing,
You are among the last to say that.

The sewing arrives
But the needles have gone back into their haystacks,
The chalk has rolled to a neighboring country,
The silk has gone to make its own sky.
The sewing isn't ready.

Never mind. Why not say that in the beginning,
When most things come down to it?
Why not never mind from the start.

But we don't want never mind.
We want sweet feeling, fresh surprise,
The cut-outs of blossoms,
The falling walnuts, the swimming muskrats,
The molting king snakes, the rabbits out of nowhere.
Why are we like this?

Pain arrives, no thimble big enough,
No unguent, no bed of soft grass,
No high art, no lawful magic,
No never mind.

**Angela Ball**



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"The analysis of real subsumption, when this is understood as investing not only the economic or only the cultural dimension of society but rather the social *bios* itself, and when it is attentive to the modalities of disciplinarity and/or control, disrupts the linear and totalitarian figure of capitalist development." What this means is that under Empire there emerges a "paradox of power" in which all elements of social life are unified, but the very act of unification "reveals a new context, a new milieu of maximum plurality and uncontainable singularization—a milieu of the event." Even when Empire seems to rule everywhere and over everything, there are opportunities for resistance, if only those opportunities can be grasped and seen.

Although Empire is not controlled by anyone, it does require coordination, and therefore it also requires communication. Communication is to Hardt and Negri what production was to Marx: the central activity of society without which nothing else is possible. And, like production, communication requires workers, or immaterial labor, as the authors call those people who do not produce goods but instead deliver services. It thus follows that "the central role previously occupied by the labor power of mass factory workers in the production of surplus value is today increasingly filled by intellectual, immaterial, and communicative labor power." So professors have a purpose after all: they can "develop a new political theory of value that can pose the problem of this new capitalist accumulation of value at the center of the mechanism of exploitation (and thus, perhaps, at the center of potential revolt)." All those demonstrators out there who fail to communicate with each other require someone to communicate for them, and who better to do the communication than those who make the production of words central to their existence?

### III.

*Empire* is best understood as an attempt, using Marxist jargon, to bring back to life the political urge that Marx spent much of his energy opposing: anarchism, and particularly the more destructive form of anarchism associated with writers such as Bakunin. "You are just a bunch of anarchists, the new Plato on the block will yell at us," Hardt and Negri declare, before responding that they cannot be anarchists because they speak "from the standpoint of a materiality constituted in the networks of productive cooperation, in other words, from the perspective of a humanity that is constructed productively, that is constituted through the 'common name' of freedom." I have no Platonic aspirations, but it does strike me that if the authors were providing an accurate account of their own book, they would be quite correct that there is nothing anarchist about it. But their account of their enterprise is wrong on every count. *Empire* rejects materiality in favor of immaterial labor, production in favor of communication, humanity in favor of cyborgs, freedom in favor of hybridity.

The anarchist flavor of *Empire* is conveyed most strikingly by its romanticization of violence. Although by now everyone knows that there are terrorists in this world, there are no terrorists in Hardt and Negri's book. There are only people who are called terrorists, "a crude conception and terminological reduction that is rooted in a police mentality." Terms such as "ethnic terrorists" and "drug mafias" appear within quotation marks, as if no serious revolutionary could believe that there were such things. "Totalitarianism" is another pure construct, simply an invention of cold war ideology, that has been used to "denounce the destruction of the democratic sphere...." Certainly the term has little to do with actual life in the Soviet Union, which Hardt and Negri describe as "a society criss-crossed by extremely strong instances of creativity and freedom."

Negri, when not in prison, has been a political philosopher, and he is the author of numerous books, manifestos, and theses on subjects ranging from Spinoza's metaphysics to the nature of insurgency under contemporary capitalism. In nearly all this work, as in *Empire*, he invariably associates violence with states in the exercise of their power, never with opposition groups and their tactics. For the latter, any action, no matter how insurrectionary, is justified. For the former, any action, no matter how peaceful, is terrorism in disguise.

From this warped perspective, all states are equally bad and all movements of opposition are equally good. Only the working of such a myopia can help the reader to understand why the authors of *Empire* are incapable of mustering any rigorous historical or moral consciousness of Nazism and its policy of Jewish extermination. In their view Nazism is capitalism, and that is the end of the story. Nazi Germany, Hardt and Negri write, far from a unique excursion into human evil, "is the ideal type of the transformation of modern sovereignty into national sovereignty and of its articulation into capitalist form...."

Since Nazism is merely normal capitalism—this point of view was once associated with the Frankfurt School, and it survives almost nowhere outside the pages of this book—there is no reason to single out the Nazis or their sympathizers for crimes against humanity. Astonishingly, Hardt and Negri are worse than neutral in their discussion of the Nazi period: they actually heap praise on the ordinary Germans who supported the regime. The obedience of these citizens is called "exemplary" in this book. The authors also celebrate "their military and civil valor in the service of the nation," before moving on to identify the victims whom they valorously helped to send to Buchenwald as "communists, homosexuals, Gypsies, and others," the latter, presumably, being the Jews (whom Hardt and Negri reserve for Auschwitz).

I am not making this up. Lest anyone consider these apologetics for Nazism a misreading of my own—how can good leftists, after all, engage in a downplaying of the Holocaust?—Hardt and Negri twice acknowledge that they are completely fed up with the whole question of totalitarianism. It is certainly much less interesting to them than the depredations of Empire. The phenomenon of totalitarianism, they write, has already been described "with great fanfare" by "many (in fact too many) authors"; and then they announce, in the one sustained passage in their book devoted to Hitler and his regime, that, despite their efforts to write a book aiming to discuss everything, they plan to "leave this story to other scholars and to the disgrace of history."

It is one thing to put quotation marks around a word such as "terrorist" and to be so morally obtuse to the most violent regimes of the twentieth century. It is another thing entirely for Antonio Negri to do so. For the question of whether Negri was himself a violence-prone terrorist is still open. In April 1979, Negri, who was then a professor at the University of Padua, was arrested and charged with armed insurrection. He was not convicted on the most serious charges, which amounted to the accusation that, as the leader of the Red Brigades, he was responsible for the assassination of Christian Democratic politician Aldo Moro; but he was found guilty of lesser charges and sentenced to preventive detention. (Among other things, the judge in the case quoted from a letter written by Negri in which he said that "without weapons, the mass struggle doesn't exist.")

Determined not to go to jail, Negri won a seat in parliament, which gave him immunity; but the Italian Chamber of Deputies stripped him of it, and he fled to France in 1983. In 1997, he voluntarily



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returned to Italy and was incarcerated. He took this action, he said, in order to clarify the situation of other New Leftists who were in exile. He is still a prisoner, a feature of his biography that is prominently displayed by Harvard University Press on the back of *Empire*. So as not to detract from the dramatic flair of their author, the publishers neglect to mention that Negri is released during the day to live in his apartment in Rome with his girlfriend, spending only his nights in jail.

As is the case with so much of the violence associated with the New Left, it is difficult to know exactly what Negri did. We do know that Italy, like Germany, experienced considerable political violence in the 1960s and 1970s, and that many radical groups, distrustful of the cautious conservatism of the Community Party, created ultra-leftist sects such as Autonomia Operaia that either engaged directly in criminal acts or sought to justify them as a necessary stage in the destruction of capitalism. Negri, who was closely associated with these splinter groups as a member and a theorist, has had many opportunities since then to revisit his past and to reflect on whether the violence of the times was wrong. He has chosen not to do so. Instead he has argued that violence is built into all the institutions and all the practices of capitalism, as if to conclude that because society itself is so violent, one can hardly be surprised that its opponents tend in that direction as well. *Empire* is merely the latest of a series of books in which a completely unrepentant Negri defends himself. No wonder that efforts to win his full release from prison—efforts that will surely escalate now that Negri has received the imprimatur of America's most prestigious academic press—have failed.

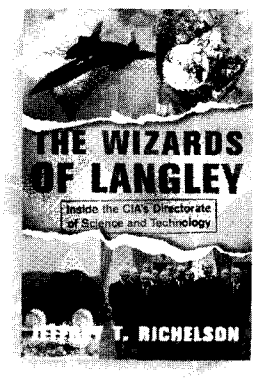
WITH THE MEMORY of five thousand dead bodies destroyed beyond recognition by deadly terrorist attacks still so fresh, readers in America these days do not need to be reminded of the ugliness that violence brings in its wake. Yet Hardt and Negri evidently need such a reminder. Their book, as it comes to a close, contains an apologia for violence past and present that, in the light of recent events, ought to send a chill down every reader's spine. Those singled out for special praise in *Empire* include the Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies, an oft-romanticized anarcho-syndicalist group that Hardt and Negri manage to describe as "radical republican." IWW militants, they write, offer a prototype of resistance to Empire. "The Wobbly [*sic*] constructed associations among working people from below, through continuous agitation, and while organizing them gave rise to utopian thought and revolutionary knowledge." A similar movement today would take the form of what Hardt and Negri call a "post-modern posse." They are attracted to this term because *posse* is Latin for "having power," but it does not escape their notice that the term is also identified with the *posse comitatus* of Hollywood Westerns. (They neglect to mention that this is also the name of choice of some of America's most violently inclined right-wing sects.)

The Marxist historian E. J. Hobsbawm once wrote a book called *Primitive Rebels*, about seemingly medieval gangs of Robin Hood-like bandits, such as the Neapolitan Camorra or the Tuscan Lazzarettists, that persisted into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in Italy and Spain. Sometimes anarchistic, sometimes fascistic, these millenarian movements appealed not to the urban workers of capitalism, but to the displaced *Lumpenproletariat*. When Hardt and Negri celebrate rap groups or window-smashing anarchists, it is these bandits, who have always been viewed with great suspicion by Marxists, that they see.

To such movements of resistance, Hardt and Negri offer praise but no advice. Never has a revolutionary manifesto been so devoid of actual content as the one contained in this book. The real militant against Empire, Hardt and Negri insist, is not one "who acts on the basis of duty and discipline, who pretends that his or her actions are deducted [*sic*] from an ideal plan." (The Jesuits are, somewhat bizarrely, offered as an example of such discipline, but any Marxist would read this as a rejection of a Leninist revolutionary vanguard.) No, to be a militant you must turn the bio-power directed against you inside out, by exploring "the productive cooperation of mass intellectuality and affective networks, the productivity of postmodern biopolitics." Hobsbawm wrote of the chiliastic bandits of the nineteenth century that, whatever their other differences, they shared "a fundamental vagueness about the actual way in which the new society will be brought about," and no better description of anarchism in its postmodern form has yet been written.

THE ANARCHISM ADVOCATED in *Empire* does have one rather idiosyncratic feature: it is informed by Christianity. Hardt and Negri find in Christendom a precursor for Empire—not that odd a comparison if we live in a world in which chronological time no longer means anything, but an odd comparison certainly if particular historical periods are built on the events that preceded them. Once Christendom is introduced as a topic, it becomes immediately clear that the great theorist of Empire is not Marx, it is Augustine. *Empire* is a postmodern twist on *The City of God*. "In Empire," Hardt and Negri write, echoing Augustine's denunciation of Rome, "corruption is everywhere," reflected in "the supreme government of Empire and its vassal administrations, the most refined and the most rotten administrative police forces, the lobbies of the ruling classes, the mafias of rising social groups, the churches and sects, the perpetuators and persecutors of scandal, the great financial conglomerates, and everyday economic transactions." Although Hardt and Negri would never use such language, they are clearly persuaded that life under Empire is suffused with sin.

And redemption will come from the multitude, who despite their oppression under empire—or Empire—remain pure in heart. In them, one can see the emergence of the new city that will put us at one with the world. Unlike Augustine's, of course, their city cannot be the divine one, since "the multitude today ... resides on the imperial surfaces where there is no God the Father and no transcendence." Instead, they will create "the earthly city of the multitude," which the authors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esoterically define as "the absolute constitution of labor and cooperation." About the practical question of how this can be done, Hardt and Negri have nothing significant to say. "The only response that we can give to these questions is that the action of the multitude becomes political primarily when it begins to confront directly and with an adequate consciousness the central repressive operations of Empire." This, too, is a Christian conception of revolution. We cannot know how we will be saved; we must recognize that if only we have faith, a way will be found.

*Empire* ends not with a paean to Marx or Lenin, but with a prayer for Francis of Assisi: "To denounce the poverty of the multitude he adopted that common condition and discovered there the ontological power of a new society. The communist militant does the same, identifying in the common condition of the multitude its enormous wealth. Francis ... posed a joyous life, including all of being and nature, the animals, sister moon, brother son, the birds of the field, the poor and exploited humans, together against the will and power of corruption." Pierce your ears, paint your face, run angry through the streets, and you too can be a saint. It is not clear whether you will ever actually stop companies from merging or bankers from providing loans, but the glimpse that you will be vouchsafed of the heavenly city that is available to us on Earth, so long as you are sufficiently militant, is reward enough. If you do all this, you will find yourself in "a revolution that no power will control—because bio-power and communism, cooperation and revolution remain together, in love, simplicity, and also innocence. This is the irrepressible lightness and joy of being communist."

## IV.

THERE IS NO idea in *Empire* that has not been expressed before. In a rare moment of lucidity, Michael Hardt correctly told Emily Eakin of *The New York Times* that "Toni and I don't think of this as a very original book. We're putting together a variety of things that others have said." Still, *Empire* has become something of a publishing sensation. The *Times* has pronounced that it has "buzz," the most enviable epithet of all. It has sold out in bookstores around the country; it is being translated into at least ten languages; and it has been featured in gushing media accounts, including Eakin's uninformed account in the *Times*. (For the *Times*' reporter on "Arts and Ideas," testimony from tired Marxists such as Stanley Aronowitz or Fredric Jameson is taken as proof that *Empire* may be the next big thing among other equally washed-out Marxists.)

Still, there is no denying the book's relevance. The fate of *Empire* and the fate of globalized protests against globalization have become intertwined, as if the one has become dependent on the other. Every revolution needs its obscure, well-thumbed, and probably unread paperback, and now the anarchists and the new caravan of protesters have one to call their own. This is a terrible shame. After two decades in which the left has been reduced to defending such reactionary policies as classification by race and the suppression of free speech, the question of global inequality has finally emerged, and with it emerged an opportunity for the left to regain its sanity.

ONE NEED NOT defend socialism, whatever that means these days, in order to recognize that there is something profoundly wrong about the staggeringly huge gaps in wealth that exist between the world's richest regions and its poorest regions. Any movement that directed itself against the arrogant and aloof policies of the world's richest countries, and that did so by appealing to commonly agreed-upon conceptions of justice, would be in a position to achieve some real good in the world. From the appalling costs of anti-AIDS medicines in Africa to the efforts by the International Monetary Fund to impose stringent requirements on countries that are barely able to feed their own people, there are more than enough good and burning issues that could not only enable the left to gain the moral high-ground, but could also win the hearts of moderate and even conservative people who have little at stake in defending the policies of increasingly rapacious global corporations.

But such a sensible and decent left will not emerge if *Empire*—a lazy person's guide to revolution—has its way. The authors of this book, having taken no steps to learn anything about what globalization actually is and what its continuation would actually mean, cannot inspire their readers to do likewise. Rather than developing a tutorial attitude toward protest, bringing to younger militants the knowledge of history and the wisdom of experience, they glorify know-nothingism and turn obsequious before fascists. Instead of reminding protesters that politics is a demanding business, they romanticize the self-indulgence of punks and freaks. Faced with the difficulties of constructing a theoretical account of how an ever-changing capitalism has changed once again, they paper over their contradictions with jargon and borrow promiscuously from every academic fashion. There is indeed corruption in the contemporary world—and none more noteworthy in this context than the intellectual corruption that can enable a book as shabby as this one to be taken seriously by anyone.

*EMPIRE* IS TO social and political criticism what pornography is to literature. It flirts with revolution as if one society can be replaced by another as easily as one body can be substituted for another. It gives academic readers the thrill of engaging with the ideas of the New Left's most insurrectionary days, all the while pretending that the author of these ideas is an "independent researcher and writer," as Harvard's book jacket calls Negri, while secretly hoping—imagine the glamour in radical academic circles that this would give him!—that he really was guilty of the acts for which he was imprisoned. For angry militants who have never read Bakunin but who understand in their gut that every destructive urge is a creative one, *Empire* offers the support of professors who are supposed to know what they are talking about; and if one is too busy running through the streets to grasp the full implications of what Homi K. Bhabha says about binary divisions, or to reflect on Althusser's reading of *The Prince*, one can at least come away rinsed in the appropriate critique. *Empire* is a thoroughly non-serious book on a most serious topic, an outrageously irresponsible tour through questions of power and violence—questions that, as we cannot help but remember as we mourn our dead in Manhattan and Washington, demand the greatest responsibility on the part of both writers and readers.

The New Left got a lot of things wrong, but it got one thing right: institutions that wield tremendous authority over the lives of ordinary people cannot be trusted with unlimited power, for, in the absence of checks and constraints on their activities, they will do whatever they can to maximize their advantage. As the New Left turned violent and sought support from the fringes, it lost that significant insight, eventually decomposing into sectarian paranoia or academic obscurantism. The most remarkable accomplishment of *Empire* is to combine both of those degenerations into a frightfully unstable mixture. There is bad news in this, and worse news. The bad news is that anti-globalization protesters, should they find anything of value in this book, will lead their very promising movement into the same dead ends as the New Left. The worse news is that, to reverse Marx's famous dictum, this will happen the second time as tragedy rather than as farce. ■



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# The Watcher

*By* David Thomson

## The Hitchcock Murders by Peter Conrad

(Faber and Faber, 362 pp., $25)

This last summer in San Francisco, the city buses carried an advertisement up and down the hills: "Hitchcock, Tarantino and You." It was a pitch for a museum show on how movies are made, but I noticed a certain assumption: that these days, with luck (or in San Francisco), there is a fair chance that Mr. and Mrs. Smith have heard of just two film directors, Hitch and Quentin.

I wonder. It was in 1997 that Tarantino gave us *Jackie Brown*, which I certainly appreciated. Since then, I hear, he has been battling success. OK, but he is thirty-eight now, with just three and one-quarter films to his name. By the time Hitchcock was that age, in 1937, he was working on *Sabotage*, which I count as his twenty-fourth film. Battle success long enough and you are a breakthrough failure. Tarantino is good on Charlie Rose talking about his obsession, but Hitchcock was the man chasing himself in that ring. So I would reckon that Alfred Hitchcock, who died in 1980, is still the film director most readily brought to mind by the man on the bus (in the way Harry Lime associated Switzerland with the cuckoo clock, and we all assume that waltzes are from Vienna).

As it happens, it has been a Hitchcock summer. Arriving in Paris in June for the weekend, I discovered champagne waiting in the form of an exhibit at the Pompidou Center called "*Hitchcock et l'Art.*" It is one of the most exciting and stimulating shows that I have ever seen in an art museum. And here is Peter Conrad's extraordinary book, which is not just a welcome addition to a crowded shelf, but one of the best books ever done on the spellbound intensity of cinema.

To say nothing of spending the rest of the time in San Francisco, a city that Hitchcock enjoyed and set on film in ways that shame the "progress" of the city. Indeed, the bus I see most often, the 22 Fillmore, is even referred to by some veterans as the "Carlotta Valdez Special," for the route runs from the old shipping area, through the Mission, and over the hills to the North Bay near where Madeleine Elster once went into the waters and took the hopeless love of Scottie Ferguson with her. This is *Vertigo*, which hangs over our city still, with the mist.

Time and again, over the decades, the English-speaking world has been taught how to take Hitchcock seriously (or fully) by the French. In 1957, two future directors, Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol, wrote the first significant book on the Anglo-American director. Their *Hitchcock*, which addressed such things as spiritual guilt, emotional rescue, and the doubling of identity in his movies, was generally reckoned by the English film world as a folly of over-enthusiasm. For that was a moment when *Sight & Sound*, while fond of Hitchcock as a mischievous entertainer, was amused by the excessive estimates of him that were current in places such as *Cahiers du Cinéma*.

So the ravishing Paris show begins with the words of Jean-Luc Godard, writ large on a white wall in the lobby. I believe that this text was composed for the show, though it is essentially what Godard was saying in *Cahiers* in 1952 (as "Hans Lucas") when he reviewed *Strangers on a Train*. These introductory words warn us that while there are large things in Hitchcock that have faded into oblivion over the years—what did *The Man Who Knew Too Much* know? what was the secret in *Notorious*? what was *The Trouble With Harry*? where would you find *Jamaica Inn*?—still there are common objects from his films that have become perpetual emblems in our imaginations.

At that point the visitor to the Pompidou enters a chamber as dark as any movie theater (and with Bernard Herrmann music playing, too). It is a room or a theater in which high, thin spotlights fall on an array of glass cases. These cases hold a swag of blood-red satin, on top of which we find some of the fetish-like objects to which Godard referred. There is the cigarette lighter from *Strangers on a Train*; a telephone on which you might dial M for murder (or mother); the shrunken head from *Under Capricorn*; a simple piece of rope, a pair of shattered spectacles, and the camera with telephoto lens from *Rear Window*; handcuffs and a silk stocking from *The 39 Steps*; a necktie from *Frenzy*; and the beautiful bread knife, with the word BREAD incised in the handle, from *Blackmail*.

It is easy to think that we are seeing the relics themselves, the very objects or props used in the films. And maybe some of them are pieces of the true cross, but the larger truth dawned on me with the case that held the glowing glass of milk from *Suspicion*, the one Cary Grant offers to Joan Fontaine. Could milk last through a Parisian summer? No, of course not: it is a lovely sculpture in bright white glass or sour topaz. And thus this monument to an object is a way of indicating how thoroughly Hitchcock co-opted (and poisoned) the reality of some things for all time. Who can step into a shower now without thinking of Janet Leigh? (Leigh herself has admitted that it has been baths for her since 1960.)

This beautiful, melodramatic experience in the dark is prelude to a more conventionally arranged exhibit that traces the possible influences of graphic art on Hitchcock, as well as the legacy that he imposed on anyone who has eyes to see. This whole venture, conceived and directed by Dominique Paini and Guy Cogeval (the show actually opened in Montreal last November, though I do not recall the event penetrating the American press), is built like a labyrinth. The visitor feels caught up in the family plot that links one film to another: there are even voyeuristic peepholes from one room to the next. The intricacy and the humor in this construction would surely have delighted the director, who was a chronic tease and a practical joker, and was often more intent on double entendre than on simple sense.

Just as in Peter Conrad's book, there is little concern for the chronology of Hitchcock's career, let alone for his struggle in England and America to find proper recognition. The show and the book share this confidence: that Hitchcock was an authentic visual genius of the twentieth century, the essential identifier of our modern concern with unease, voyeurism, forbidden things, peril, and death. The Paris show has been researched with extraordinary diligence. Fixed on such themes as "*Spectacles*," "*Femmes*," "*Le Désir et le Double*," "*Inquiétudes*," and "*Terreurs*," the show has assembled a great range of artworks, from the very famous to the obscure, that ask us to notice the deep mythic elements at work in Hitchcock's compositions. There are pieces of film

David Thomson is the author of *A Biographical Dictionary of Film* (Knopf), of which he is preparing the fourth edition.



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playing, along with paintings by Hopper, Sickert, Munch, Dalí, Magritte, and so on. The white walls stay wonderfully calm and may remind us that it was Sartre who inadvertently anticipated Hitchcock by calling cinema "the frenzy on a wall."

As an example of the show's depth, let me explore something referred to earlier: that moment from *Vertigo* when Madeleine goes into the water at Fort Point beneath the Golden Gate Bridge so that Scottie will dive in to rescue her. She does this not just to convince the pursuing detective that this woman is half-crazy and a danger to herself. Once she is soaked, he must take her home, undress her, and take care of her: in other words, a dawning romantic and sexual fascination defies a sensible response to the suicidal action. In Hitchcock, as in surrealism, desire is the secret agent.

In the exhibition there is a riveting section that compares that sequence, and stills from it, with similar drowning dreams from earlier films, *Number Seventeen* and *The Pleasure Garden*. (The curators actually omit, or forget, the aircraft that fills with water and horror in *Foreign Correspondent*.) But how they excel in showing the larger seas of drowning: Millais's painting *Ophelia*, another version of the same subject by Odilon Redon, as well as images by Fernand Khnopff, and so on. The resonance in the resemblances sets one off, and thus the visitor begins to enlarge the collection—there is, after all, a way in which Janet Leigh in *Psycho* drowns while she is being stabbed. The water that falls on her is a kind of ironic religious absolution (quite clear in the pose and the lighting of one shot), but at the same time the water is the ejaculation of all our desires built up in the first forty minutes of the film (during which we see Leigh in her underwear three times). Even when she is dead, tipped out of the shower, her face squashed against the floor, a drop of water slides down her face—the first worm.

I am employing this vocabulary so as to convey the seething psychological subtexts in Hitchcock's best imagery. One reason why he always made a mockery of censorship is that he never needed to show a thing directly, like a sexual action. Every detail of his compositions was loaded with a sexual inference that goes straight to our hearts, and to other erotic registers. To that extent, going around the Pompidou show is like seeing a new Hitchcock film—a vast anthology—never cut together before. But it also shows how every film he ever made, from *The Skin Game* to *Torn Curtain*, was a chapter in this anthology. Of course, there were different titles and scripts, different stories and characters, but always and forever, rich and strange, Hitchcock was making movies that were meditations on certain objects or visual situations: staircases,

Alfred Hitchcock
by Alexandra MacMaster
for The New Republic

hair, weapons, the act of noticing, the tremor of intersection.

Granted the additional fluency of sound and movement, in other words, Hitchcock worked like a painter. This conclusion is offered without much evidence, but as a natural assertion derived from looking at the films, and as a demonstration of the viewer's sensitivity. (The great force in all early *Cahiers* writing was that the critics wanted to make their own films, and did.) Not even the large and sumptuous catalogue that supports the show bothers to wonder whether Hitchcock had any thorough awareness of all the imagery laid at his feet. (With the size of his stomach, of course, he seldom saw his feet.) In an exhibition as theatrical as this, the omission is easily forgiven. After all, the method involved has demanded that we look and see for ourselves, and even for those visitors closely familiar with Hitchcock's work the looking is a new lesson. One comes away from the feast exhausted but thrilled, without a shadow of a doubt about Hitchcock's brilliance, or the uncanny way in which he overlays the real (or the photographed) with dream.

Peter Conrad has set himself a tougher task. His book has only a few illustrations—nothing like the rapturous analyses of key sequences that went with François Truffaut's very influential book on Hitchcock that appeared in 1966. I can easily imagine that a publisher might have urged Conrad to help his readers more: to provide at least a biographical sketch of the man, or some sort of account of his struggle to establish himself as the most famous director in the world. (Don't be such a saboteur to your readers!) Or, failing that, to take a few key films and offer the kind of analysis of them that will make the book essential for all those courses and classes that study Hitchcock.

Conrad is the wrong man for that orthodoxy. In part, I think, this is because he does not see himself as obliged to play by the rules of any film writers' association; he may have concluded that those people are far too young and innocent, too safe in their own cozy lifeboat, to be catered to. Conrad is Australian, and he teaches English at Oxford, but he displays an admirable wish not to be pigeonholed: he is the author of a standard history of English literature; a novel, *Underworld*; a cultural history of the twentieth century; and a very good book about opera, called *A Song of Love and Death*. This is his first book (as far as I know) about film, and it comes in the spirit of, well, why shouldn't an alert, educated person have thoughts about the movies? The more the merrier, I would answer. The famous experts are so frequently off on their own in a language known only to Derrida or a Manxman.

Conrad was in Portugal, he tells us, on Hitchcock's centenary in August 1999, and it struck him that the international



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press (and not just the San Francisco buses) took the man and his solemn-sad face for granted. It made him think how much Hitchcock meant to him, and so he took off on a hobbyhorse kind of a book, and more or less writes it as he recollects this and that:

> This book is a voyage around the idiosyncratic universe inside Hitchcock's head—a place of solitary confinement, which all the same manages to accommodate more people than can be crammed into Radio City Music Hall. It is about his imagination, but it concentrates on the ways in which that imagination colludes with ours. The cinema enables reveries to be pooled, and the transgressive scenes Hitchcock photographed were present behind our eyes long before we saw them projected on to a screen. He chose his medium well, since films are an extension of our dreaming. The stories he preferred were also tailor-made: murder is the fantasy's revenge on niggardly reality.

You may guess how like the Paris show this book is by Conrad's astute notion that so much of Hitchcock's imagery was there "behind our eyes" before he realized it for a camera. So the book has parts or sections—"A Blooding," "The Art of Murder," "The Technique of Murder," "The Religion of Murder," "A Haunted Head"—that are akin to the rooms at the Pompidou. Conrad follows his eyes and his dreams, and his quarry is the half-hidden inscape of Hitchcock, the essential ingredients of which are our fascination with murder, our surrender to voyeurism, and his constant re-making of the world (including such famous bits of the world as Mount Rushmore) into absurdist locations of the sort that intrigued Magritte, De Chirico, and other fantastical painters.

So a book of amazing insights, all beautifully described, does show a blithe indifference to what the films are about, what the story is, and why Cary Grant is up Thomas Jefferson's nose (or wherever it was). Properly enough, I think, Conrad knows that Hitchcock "saw" the scene first and loved it so much that he was ready and willing to sit long enough with a screenwriter (the admirable Ernest Lehman) to work out some specious bit of narrative logic to get Grant there. That is one reason, maybe, why Hitchcock often fell out with his screenwriters. Since he had seen everything in advance, he had trouble recognizing their role.

Hitchcock had visions, and he let the drama or the plot trail along afterwards. This is why so many of his plots are fatuous (try *Stage Fright*), and seem like stories made up by a man who did not know much about life. For this reason, Conrad's method is as instinctively correct as that of the Paris show. In the form of a book, however, it may lose many readers long before they have had a chance to grasp the level of intelligence that is working. All the more reason, therefore, to trust Conrad when you do not know or cannot recall the scene that he is describing. He will make clear all that needs to be clear. And if you sometimes feel like tossing the book down in exasperation, complaining that one could start anywhere, and that there is no sensible organization, just console yourself that you are right. Start anywhere—and carry on in this manner until you have started everywhere.

The direction of Conrad's book is truly educational in that it is after you have read Conrad that you will need to see the films. By then, I fancy, you will find yourself seeing scenes that he never even mentioned through his wise eyes. Is he unduly fanciful sometimes? I think so; but Hitchcock was an extraordinary romantic, and the only way to keep up with him is to try to keep ahead of his frenzy so that you can study him—as well as the road ahead—in your rearview mirror. Meanwhile I will only repeat my first claim: that this is as good a companion to a body of movies as exists, for it is written out of infatuation, in a cool, lucid prose that manages to be as useful, brave, and fragrant as Grace Kelly in *To Catch a Thief* (the project that actually snared a prince, alas, and meant that the lady vanished from the screen).

WHICH LEAVES ONLY the matter of Hitchcock himself, and what is to be made of him. Alfred Joseph Hitchcock, born in Leytonstone and raised either east of London or in the East End, the child of a family that sold fish and vegetables, educated by the Catholics, but out of formal education by the age of fourteen. The most decisive biographical study of Hitchcock so far is Donald Spoto's *The Dark Side of Genius*, published in 1983, and it is heavily colored by the revelation of Hitchcock's often awkward or even ugly obsession with Tippi Hedren, the blonde actress whom he cast in *The Birds* and *Marnie*. This has coincided neatly and happily for many critics with the re-discovery of *Vertigo* (it was a flop when it was first released in 1958, and was then withdrawn for years by the director himself) as a parable of what happens to a detective-director when he attempts to turn a real woman into his dream figure. It is true that *Vertigo* is a tragedy, and I think that Spoto and others have been correct in noting a spreading misanthropy in Hitchcock's work from about that time. Spoto also traced the sad and downhill ways in which a palpably overweight man


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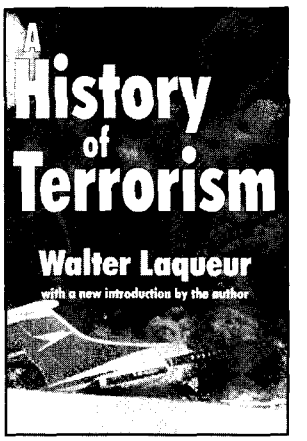


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became sick, bitter, and bereft in old age.

But Hitchcock was always trying to remove himself from reality. That is one reason why he liked America so much. It was a place where he could feel like a lodger instead of a resident—an oversize, daft territory so easily reduced to back projection. Hitchcock loved that archaic form of film-making because it introduced another wall within the image that was already "only" a wall. And in another odd way, the Hitchcock cult—the little walk-ons in all the movies, the bookending appearances on his television shows—was a way of making himself not only famous, but also beyond knowing.

IT IS ABOUT time for another biography, and I confess that another recent Hitchcock pleasure was the chance to read the first part of an early draft of what will be Patrick McGilligan's new life. One thing that emerges plainly from what I have read of McGilligan's book was that in England in the 1920s and 1930s Hitchcock was often seen by the business as a bit of a snob and a dangerously arty director. And this is intriguing as material to help answer the question of how far Hitchcock himself would have understood what the Pompidou and Peter Conrad are talking about. Or did his torture come naturally, like murder in a dream?

Although he was a good student, one cannot read too much into Alfred's abbreviated schooling. He made a shot at studying nautical engineering in his early teens, and then, seeking income, he took a job with Henley's Telegraph Company, where he became quite expert in cable work. Nothing really seems to have clicked until Henley's put him in the advertising department, where he started to draw. No one has ever claimed that Hitchcock had genius at drawing, but there was skill and enthusiasm, and he seems suddenly to have woken up to himself. It was not long before he had shifted over to movie advertising. The rest was easy. Or so it seems in hindsight. For Hitchcock himself, I think, it felt like a laborious struggle to get where he wanted. (He was nominated five times for the Oscar for Best Director, but he never won.)

That's one side of the youth, and it fits with a warm, supportive, middle-class family and a young man who, once kick-started, was eager to get ahead. The other side is of a very large boy, hopeless at sports, unfit for service in the Great War that began when he was fifteen and which was a cultural crisis for his generation, and increasingly a removed observer of life rather than a participant. By the time Hitchcock was twenty, all the weight and the desire of his being, it seems, was fixed on an obsession—cinema, or what he often called "pure cinema." He wanted to make that machine work, and maybe if it did the other failures or omissions in life would be bearable. To that end, he had a spell in Germany, at the UFA studio, where he learned a lot from people like Fritz Lang. And he was a dedicated member of the London Film Society, where he became familiar with the work of Eisenstein, Dziga Vertov, and Pudovkin. That is how the snob reputation got about.

THIS YOUNG MAN went to the cinema and the theater (early on he filmed such plays as *The Farmer's Wife* and *Juno and the Paycock*), but there is no record of him haunting art galleries; and in later life, when he was prosperous enough, he was not one of those directors, such as Billy Wilder, who made a great private collection of art. So there is little reason to believe that he had acquired the kind of art historical range of reference implicit in the Pompidou show. But maybe he did not need to acquire it. Maybe his inner eye knew the language of psychic iconography already.

So much of Hitchcock was inward, or something not evident to the world. In 1926, he married Alma Reville, a woman as sparrow-like as he was large. They had met in the film business a few years earlier: she was an editor who would become his vital script assistant and general adviser. It is probable that she was the only woman with whom he had sexual relations, though he sometimes joked that it had been only once—enough to conceive their daughter, Patricia—and that as the years went by he had become either chaste or impotent. Or just a watcher, a mountain eagle who flew too high for ordinary birds.

The sex life of most film directors is highly active. Indeed, there are some prepared to admit that they went into the business because of its easy virtue and easier access to beautiful women eager to be noticed. Hitchcock adored women: just look at the way he photographed Ingrid Bergman, Grace Kelly, Kim Novak, Eva Marie Saint, and Tippi Hedren. But in time, I think, he became troubled over the attraction that he felt, the creative power that he possessed, and all those inner forces that compelled him to be simply a watcher.

No biography has yet been able to get inside Hitchcock. That may be because he was a master at deflecting attention, and because his fantasies and their realizations in film were enough for him. But then it is important to ask where Hitchcock was going. The strong insights of Conrad's book are all very well if you see Hitchcock simply as a maker of masterpieces, of high art masquerading as entertainment movies. I am not so satisfied with that point of view, which is why I wish that Conrad had urged himself into more of a narrative summation.

There was a careerist in Hitchcock, and he was perfectly unashamed of it: he came from trading parents; he liked money, comfort, and good food; and for years he had foreseen himself in Hollywood instead of in the smaller, ill-equipped London studios. In *Hitchcock and Selznick*, which covers the years from *Rebecca* to *The Paradine Case*, Leonard Leff has shown how dangerously arty and personal Hitchcock seemed to Hollywood; but he also makes clear what Hitch learned in the film factory. That man came to his peak in the late 1950s, and found *Psycho* as an amazing topper. I say amazing because there were elements of accident, or the unexpected, in the way Hitchcock stumbled into a new, half-camp attitude to horror.

BUT *PSYCHO* ALSO helped hatch an egg of cruelty in Hitchcock that may have come from all the things that he used size and appetite to bury. Many have observed how his later films (encouraged by relaxed censorship) become disturbingly overt and far less controlled, lacking that magical balance of danger and humor that enhances *Rear Window* and *North by Northwest*. There is another side to this, and it is the question of whether cinema can or should ever be "pure" in the way that Hitchcock hoped. His enormous influence is very important in the consideration of this question: he lives on in part because he is the most accessible director for film studies courses. He is a delight to teach because his movies are invariably entertaining, and because he is always doing something unique with the medium. Stop Hitchcock at any frame, and you can expound on the properties and the theory of film. This is encouraging and flattering to the student who wants to get into movies but has not yet learned too much about life.

There is a point, at last, where I find Hitchcock too often manipulative and adolescent—and thus the ideal model for those who would like to keep the cinema that way. How far this came from his own difficulties as a person, I do not know. I suspect that his "art" thrived on the fact that nearly everything that he "saw" was imagined. As Conrad says, Hitchcock knew better than other directors how far fantasy feeds the movies. But is that their only source? Or is there room for reality, human depth, and more philosophical conclusions than he ever dared? Can't movies descend as much from the novel as from painting? I hope the answer is a resounding yes. But I have to observe that Renoir, Mizoguchi, Dreyer, Bresson, and Ophuls do not yet have their names on the sides of buses. ■



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# Money and Love

*By* PETER BERKOWITZ

## Economic Sentiments: Adam Smith, Condorcet, and the Enlightenment by Emma Rothschild

(Harvard University Press, 353 pp., $45)

BUSINESS IS IN the ascendant. Its reputation has never been better. The new economy, the old economy: the fragility of our current economy notwithstanding, the Bush years, like the Clinton years, are a golden age of the commercial spirit. Commerce is held in the highest esteem, and it is doubtful that making money in huge (and incomprehensibly huge) sums has ever been less subject to censure or scorn, or that marketing products (as well as oneself) has ever been regarded as a more admirable and socially useful outlet for an individual's energy, creativity, and ambition. Especially striking is the rehabilitation of business's reputation among the young and the political left, typically business's harshest critics.

It was only a generation or so ago, after all, that the popular imagination was furiously critical of what William H. Whyte famously dubbed the Organization Man. He wore gray suits and white shirts and red ties. He worked from nine to five, very likely for the same corporation for life. He took pride in providing well for his wife and children. He rarely wavered from his routine, performing his tasks in the office as well as at home like clockwork. He was disdained by college students and many progressive intellectuals in the 1960s, who, oblivious of both the genuine pleasures and the deliberate sacrifices that marked his life, looked down on him as a person who sold his soul for security and stability.

In the 1970s, businessmen wore longer hair and wider ties and had more flamboyant cultural tastes, but this did not release them from the stigma of business, from the prejudice—widespread on college campuses and among intellectuals—that business was for dullards and drudges and drones. Making money meant buying in and selling out. It meant stultifying one's higher artistic, intellectual, and spiritual powers. It meant putting aside moral principles and social ideals. It meant growing up and giving in and getting used to the grind.

By the beginning of the 1980s, however, change was in the air. Boom times had arrived on Wall Street. After a short training session, graduates in the humanities from elite universities could assume responsibility for hundreds of millions of dollars of clients' investments, and could in no time rake in yearly compensation in the many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and excel and exceed as traders and raiders. Even as they were unfolding, of course, the 1980s were condemned for their excesses: Oliver Stone's Gordon Gecko and Tom Wolfe's masters of the universe set the tone. It became common to blame the excesses of the 1980s on Ronald Reagan and the conservative resurgence.

But this was quite absurd. Friendly as the Republican Party was to the free market and to the interests of business, it was not the politics of the Reagan government that drew talented young people to business in droves. What did the trick was prosperity, a boom of extravagant proportions. And in the 1990s, in the years of a Democratic administration, the proportions became even more extravagant. The incredible run-up in the stock market brought unexpected windfalls to millions of middle-class Americans who had dutifully invested in company pension plans and 401(k)s, which gave them a substantial and very tangible stake in the well-being of corporate America. The proliferation of fresh-faced dot-com multimillionaires and billionaires in open-necked shirts and jeans and running shoes subverted the traditional association of wealth with age and authority and decades of hard work. Graduating seniors stood in line on campus to interview for high-paying high-tech jobs that they planned to begin before the ink on their diplomas was dry, and whose stock options would (if all went according to plan) enable them in a few short years to enrich themselves once and for all.

Business had been glamorized and democratized; and not even the recent bursting of the bubble has weakened the common perception that business is where the action is. To be sure, not all businesses are held to be equal. In the new knowledge economy, those whom Robert Reich dubbed "symbolic analysts" flourish the most. Still, whatever the variety of business, as wage earners we increasingly demand of our jobs that they bring, or contribute mightily to, our personal fulfillment. We want our work to develop our talents, to provide association with interesting and good people, to offer a platform from which to advance our moral ideals. Work in this view is not opposed to, or apart from, or even only a means to, the good things that life has to offer. In the view that Americans increasingly share, work is itself an indispensable good and a constitutive part of human happiness.

The glamorization and the democratization of work may be a mixed blessing. The commingling at work of the imperatives of the marketplace with higher aspirations and intimate relations—the interweaving, as work increasingly becomes the location for friendship and romance, of public and private—may make the business world a warmer place, a more decent and more just place. Or, by opening them up wide to the cold calculation and systematic manipulation and single-minded professional specialization summoned by the logic of the marketplace, such commingling and interweaving may corrupt friendship and love. Or maybe both. Certainly we confront a dramatic change in commercial life and in our attitudes toward it.

OR DO WE? Emma Rothschild believes that commercial life today and our attitudes toward it—particularly our openness and our enthusiasm and our sense of boundless possibility—correspond in crucial ways to the situation that was confronted by Adam Smith at the dawn of the era of liberal capitalism. This makes the moment ripe, she suggests, for a reconsideration of the achievement of the great eighteenth-century Scottish thinker; and this is the task to which she devotes the bulk of her interesting and learned book on the original understanding of laissez-faire, or free market, economics.

Smith, in Rothschild's account, has been badly misunderstood. According to the common caricature, he is a conservative, a crude enthusiast of laissez-faire economics, a "cold-souled enemy of the poor," "a relentless proselytizer of free enterprise," who engages in *The Wealth of Nations* (1776) in "an extended and relentless critique of government." In fact, Rothschild argues, there is nothing crude or relentless—or, she seems to want to say, conservative—about Smith's economics, or about



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the larger and quintessentially Enlightenment philosophical system in which he unfolded them.

The "'real' Smith," Rothschild argues, is simultaneously an economist and a moralist, who, in his other masterwork, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759), derived virtue from the passions, and discovered the ground of moral judgment in our natural sympathy for our fellow human beings, and in our imaginative capacity to adopt the perspective of an impartial spectator and to see things from their point of view. The real Smith is a progressive, a friend of the poor, for whom the relief of poverty is one of government's primary responsibilities. The real Smith is a comprehensive thinker who saw the close connection between sentiment and conduct, and to whom the disciplinary boundaries of contemporary intellectual life were foreign, because he understood that the spheres of human conduct—economic, moral, political, religious—are interwoven and mutually dependent. The real Smith is a courageous philosopher who believed that commercial and liberal society would foster the ideal of an "unfrightened mind," and who developed his comprehensive account of human nature and human conduct without recourse to the certainties of religious faith or a fixed standard of human perfection.

In coming to understand the real Smith, moreover, one comes to understand much more than the principles of modern economic life. "To rediscover a different political economy," declares Rothschild, "is also to rediscover a different, and more open, enlightenment." Indeed, a larger aim of her study is to combat the image of "the cold, hard rationalist enlightenment." The real Enlightenment, or the best part of the Enlightenment, in Rothschild's judgment, champions a universal disposition, "a way of thinking and seeing," in which the mind is "undepressed and unneglected." And Smith, according to Rothschild, believed that "the universal disposition of enlightenment," which was a "disposition of universal discussion," both was fostered in economic life, which he conceived as "itself a form of discussion," and took economic life as one of its prime topics.

It is a peculiar feature of Rothschild's approach that she does not search for Smith's different political economy and Smith's different Enlightenment by means of an extended analysis of his major works. Instead, in the manner of the school of political theory that is associated with the University of Cambridge, where she teaches, she focuses on the economic and political disputes of the late eighteenth century in which Smith participated, and in which his ideas themselves became a subject of heated debate. The reasonable assumption behind this approach is that arguments and ideas ought to be studied in historical context. The conceit that cramps the assumption is that the study of the historical context is more challenging and more revealing than the sustained analysis of the books in which a writer develops his ideas.

With a wealth of detail, Rothschild sketches the forgotten lineage of selected concepts that are critical to Smith's system, and reconstructs the reception of Smith's ideas, and deftly guides the reader through debates whose terms and stakes are distant and unfamiliar. Her practical intention—"using the past to illuminate the present"—is admirable, though it is hardly a "now unfashionable possibility." Rothschild is a serious historian who brings to her call upon the past an extraordinary knowledge of it. What is most startling, for this reason, in her attempt to gain insight into the present by regarding Smith in historical context, is the comfortable familiarity of the Smith that she rediscovers, his conformity in salient respects to certain signature ideas of today's leading academic moralists.

At his death in Edinburgh in 1790, observes Rothschild, Smith was known not only as the outstanding theoretician of the free market, but also as a skeptic, a subversive, a friend of French philosophy and (severely stretching the historical record) of the French Revolution. Yet this Smith was destined to be short-lived. According to Rothschild, Smith's first and highly influential biographer played a critical role in launching Smith as a conservative thinker. In his "Account of the Life and Writings of Adam Smith," published in 1793, Dugald Stewart argued that *The Wealth of Nations* was imbued with a respect for established institutions. And its vision of political economy was built, Stewart explained, on a distinction between commercial freedom, whose purpose was to promote wealth, and political freedom, whose purpose was to provide opportunities to change law; and it regarded both forms of freedom as essentially instrumental.

Rothschild contends that "Stewart's description of the instrumental value of freedom corresponds to very little which Smith himself wrote." But Stewart's misunderstanding was not arbitrary, either. For "it does reflect," Rothschild emphasizes, "an intense public discussion in Edinburgh, Paris, and London about the words 'freedom' and 'liberty.'" For no apparent reason, Rothschild neglects the possibility that Smith regarded freedom, commercial and political, as both a means and an end.

In Rothschild's account, debates over government policy in the decade after Smith's death also served to mask his true political views. During the English food crisis in the mid-1790s, Smith's name was invoked on both sides of the debate in Parliament over whether to permit the regulation of wages by establishing a minimum wage. And both sides appealed to what Smith actually wrote. But while it was the Smith who strongly opposed regulation that prevailed as the common understanding of the thinker in England, the Smith who favored state intervention in the economy to protect the poor was, in Rothschild's view, "in many respects closer to the 'real' Smith or the real *Wealth of Nations*." Why the real Smith is not the one who strongly opposed government regulation *and* allowed some exceptions in the case of the poor Rothschild does not say.

Another reason that it is difficult to discern Smith's true political intentions, Rothschild argues, has to do with his manner of writing. Since "he was in general a most circumspect writer," he appears more conservative than he really is. For fear of persecution as a consequence of his radical criticism of organized religion, and out of respect for public opinion, Smith "went to considerable lengths to obscure his opinions." This is rather a Straussian reading, though Rothschild does not mention Leo Strauss, whose pioneering work on the practice by pre-Enlightenment philosophers of prudently concealing their true opinions has frequently been ridiculed by proponents of the historical approach that she practices.

The misinterpretation of Smith also stems, says Rothschild, from the position that he took in the great eighteenth-century controversy over free trade and corn. Smith argued firmly in favor of free trade, a stand that has been interpreted as an expression of his uncompromising opposition to government intervention in the economy. But his argument, Rothschild stresses, rested in part on the ground that freedom from government regulation was a means (contradicting what she says in criticism of Dugald Stewart): it would protect against scarcity and famine, while government regulation would make both more likely. To show that one must not conclude from this that Smith was a doctrinaire free-marketeer, Rothschild observes that Turgot and Condorcet, both of whom argued as passionately as Smith against the general evils of government regulation and insisted that trade in corn be free, nevertheless came to the conclusion, based on much greater study of the actual circum-



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stances, that in the case of food shortages, government intervention—public employment, food imports, tax adjustments—was a necessary evil to avert the greater harm of widespread famine. Since at other times and in a variety of writings Smith, in order to protect the interests of the poor, supported state involvement in economic matters, including the regulation of labor, land, and public works, it is reasonable to suppose that had he known the facts, his principles would have guided him, as the same principles guided Turgot and Condorcet, to support both free commerce and public policies designed to combat food shortages connected to the new commerce in corn.

Smith's egalitarian and humanitarian intentions may also be seen in his "unrelenting criticism" of the institution of apprenticeship, to which he objected on the grounds of both inefficiency and inequity. Indeed, Rothschild argues, his objections to apprenticeship, an institution generally aimed at the poor, "turned out to be concerned with oppression and injustice, as much as or more than with efficiency." In addition to obstructing competition, apprenticeship interfered with universal public education, which Smith favored; it imposed unjust restrictions on the liberty of apprentices, who were confined to their positions; and it infringed upon the liberty of non-apprentices, by keeping them out of those positions; and it was generally governed by laws that served the interests of the rich and powerful.

While the debates about apprenticeship in England early in the nineteenth century embodied many of Smith's concerns, Rothschild observes that they were notably lacking in Smith's central concern with the security and the liberty of the individual. Indeed, Smith's sustained criticism of apprenticeship reflects, in her view, the basic emancipatory drive of his thinking:

> The objects of Smith's obloquy are not only the institutions of national government; they are also, and even especially, the oppressive government of parishes, guilds and corporations, religious institutions, incorporated towns, privileged companies. One of the most insidious roles of national government is indeed to enact, or to confirm, the oppressive powers of these intermediate institutions. The criticism of local institutions, with their hidden, not quite public, not quite private powers, is at the heart of Smith's politics; it is at the heart, too, of his criticism of the apprenticeship system.

She does not elaborate the point, but Rothschild's analysis suggests that individual liberation was, for Smith, the essential end, and the restriction of government's role was the contingent means, with the implication that in changing circumstances, as new threats to individual freedom arose, expanding government's role might well be necessary, from Smith's point of view, to defend and to expand individual freedom.

IN THIS CENTURY, perhaps no misunderstanding has contributed more to impairing a proper appreciation of Smith's views on freedom, Rothschild contends, than the one pertaining to the doctrine most closely associated with his name, and thought by many to be his most powerful and enduring idea. I refer, of course, to the doctrine of the "invisible hand." Its best-known formulation comes in Book IV, Chapter 2, of *The Wealth of Nations*:

> [Every individual generally] neither intends to promote the public interest, nor knows how much he is promoting it.... [H]e is in this case, as in many cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for society that it was no part of it. By pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it. I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very uncommon among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.

Rothschild performs some fascinating scholarly detective work in the attempt to prove that the invisible hand, which Smith actually mentions by name only three times in his writings—in the passage above, in the "History of Astronomy," and in *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*—is best understood as a "mild and ironic joke." Still, she eventually concedes that her indirect evidence does not put in doubt that the idea most commonly associated with the invisible hand—that private self-interested acts tend to produce publicly beneficial outcomes that exceed what could be attained by relying on either benevolence or government regulation—was pervasive in Smith's thought, and fundamental to it. Moreover, there are obvious answers to Rothschild's several arguments that Smith did not take the invisible hand seriously. She suggests that Smith might well have intended to disparage the notion by allusion to unpleasant literary references, such as Macbeth's plea to the night to conceal his crime with its "bloody and invisible hand," as well to invisible hands in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and in *Oedipe*, Voltaire's reworking of Sophocles. But surely it is at least as plausible to conclude that Smith might have been trying to bring out the dark side of a generally beneficial process.

Rothschild observes that despite Smith's great defense of individual freedom, the idea of the invisible hand "is extremely condescending about the intentions of individual agents," since it presupposes that people "are blind, in that they cannot see the hand by which they are led." But in fact the idea is flattering to individual agents, since it presupposes that people are the best judges of their own self-interest. As Smith declares in *The Wealth of Nations*, "Every individual, it is evident, can in his local situation judge much better than any statesman or lawgiver can do for him." Anyway, why is it condescending to suggest that social and political life is of sufficient complexity that individual agents lack the information to determine just which individual acts, laws, or policies will advance the public interest?

Rothschild asserts that the idea of the invisible hand is also inegalitarian, in that "it presupposes the existence of a theorist (if not a reformer) who sees more than any ordinary individual." But if that is what we mean by inegalitarian, so is the very scholarly enterprise that she undertakes to establish Smith's egalitarian bona fides. She worries that the invisible hand diverts attention from Smith's criticism of government institutions and the way in which individuals use politics to choke competition. That may or may not be an unfortunate effect of the doctrine, but it is no reason to doubt its centrality.

Rothschild believes that the concept of the invisible hand, to the extent that it has religious connotations as a kind of providential guarantor of human relations, flies in the face of Smith's decidedly irreligious views. Yet the invisible hand is perfectly intelligible without appeal to religion, as Rothschild herself acknowledges toward the end of her long discussion: "It is serious, and unironic, in its intimation that there can be order without design; that a society can be prosperous without being conducted by an all-seeing sovereign, just as the universe can be orderly without being conducted by an 'all-wise Architect and Conductor.'" Of course this is precisely the sense in which contemporary students of Smith, the ones whom Rothschild is trying to correct, understand the concept.

Proving the relative insignificance of the invisible hand is urgent business for Rothschild, because in her view the notion covers over two persistent shortcomings of liberal economic thought. The doctrine that self-interested economic conduct willy-nilly promotes the



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public good disregards the way in which the accumulation of economic power enables individuals, contrary to the public good, to use government to promote their private economic interests. And the doctrine of the invisible hand rests on an unwarranted faith "in the mildness and thoughtfulness of most individual men and women," in their capacity to discipline desire and to act lawfully and in accordance with enlightened self-interest. Despite her assiduous efforts to disassociate Smith from the doctrine of the invisible hand by insisting on Smith's lukewarm and ironic attitude toward it, Rothschild confusingly suggests that Smith's thinking suffers from the very shortcomings that she believes stem from taking the invisible hand seriously.

When all is said and done, however, the Smith that emerges from Rothschild's scholarship has gone a long way toward grasping the essential features of the human condition. And he is a man ahead of his time, who would have felt very much at home in ours. For it turns out that Smith is not only a progressive with a strong belief in human equality and a conviction that government has a responsibility to enable the poor and disadvantaged to enjoy individual freedom. He is also a kind of deliberative democrat, who thinks that ever more inclusive discussions about economics and morals and politics constitute the apex of politics, and that individuals are prepared for such a life by the exercise in understanding others that comes from the trucking, bartering, and exchanging at the heart of economic life. And Smith is also an anti-foundationalist who believed that we live, as he writes in a phrase from *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* to which Rothschild frequently adverts, in a "fatherless world," where order in moral and political life is a result of what human beings create for themselves; and that our lot, if we have the wherewithal to recognize it, is to live with fundamental uncertainty and irresolution. In sum, Rothschild's Smith is defined by the set of beliefs that virtually defines the outlook of contemporary academic liberalism.

Rothschild's learning is deep—the detailed footnotes that comprise more than one-quarter of her book exhibit a wonderfully rich knowledge of eighteenth-century intellectual history; but her learning is oddly narrow. Much that she has discovered in Smith and in his time was already noted and explored by scholars—Joseph Cropsey, Jerry Z. Muller, and Charles Griswold—whose work examines in detail the arguments of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* and *The Wealth of Nations*. It would be equally hard to identify a single claim about the character of the Enlightenment that Rothschild wins from her investigation of the origins of laissez-faire economics that has not already been suggested by Judith Shklar, Robert Pippen, and Charles Taylor, scholars and thinkers for whom the interpretation of text rather than the exhaustive analysis of historical context is the central preoccupation. And yet of the scholars who have insisted on the multiplicity of Smith's thought, and of those who have, in response to the challenges of recent criticism, reconstructed the Enlightenment's complex character, she has next to nothing to say.

Rothschild's intellectual history provides a valuable contribution to the project of recovering the many-sidedness and the enduring significance of Smith's system, as well as the original moral and political intentions of the Enlightenment in all their splendor and questionableness. Still, in the effort to wrest him from the conservatives and to enlist him on her side in today's battles, Rothschild occasionally runs the risk of suppressing aspects of the real Smith and his Enlightenment legacy. She stresses Smith's progressive call for universal education, but she neglects his argument that such education will teach the poor to respect their superiors and promote political stability. And although she calls attention to the lesser virtues that lead to economic success, she slights Smith's analysis, in *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, of the greater praise deserved by—and the dependence of good government on—those who pursue politics, generalship, connoisseurship, and wisdom.

While she celebrates Smith's enthusiasm for public discussion in the manner of today's deliberative democrats, Rothschild understates the danger of conformism built into his view that socialization requires the internalizing of how others judge our acts, of their approval and disapproval. Nor does she grapple with the homogenization built into the good of Enlightenment, understood as "the idea of a universal disposition of enlightenment, or of a discursive, disputatious theorizing way of life." This may seem to welcome the pluralism of human goods, but really it elevates the way of life of people who write books very much like this one.

As for Smith's speculations about uncertainty, which Rothschild lauds as a tenacious coming to grips with a disenchanted universe, those speculations are in fact rooted in moral and metaphysical premises that seek to cloister themselves beyond all reason and doubt. There is of course uncertainty and irresolution in Smith's world, especially in economic relations, in which we must often make decisions about buying and selling, including the sale of our labor, on the basis of highly imperfect knowledge. But "religious and moral and metaphysical" uncertainty? I do not think so. Smith is not Pascal. The silence of the infinite spaces does not frighten him.

To be sure, in the very passage from Part VI of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* that refers to "a fatherless world," a phrase that Rothschild adduces as evidence of Smith's unbelief, Smith suggests that religious belief provides a fundamental support to morality:

> This universal benevolence, how noble and generous soever, can be the source of no solid happiness to any man who is not thoroughly convinced that all the inhabitants of the universe, the meanest as well as the greatest, are under the immediate care and protection of that great, benevolent, and all-wise Being, who directs all the movements of nature; and who is determined, by his own unalterable perfections, to maintain in it, at all times, the greatest possible quantity of happiness. To this universal benevolence, on the contrary, the very suspicion of a fatherless world, must be the most melancholy of all reflections; from the thought that all the unknown regions of infinite and incomprehensible space may be filled with nothing but endless misery and wretchedness. All the splendour of the highest prosperity can never enlighten the gloom with which so dreadful an idea must necessarily overshadow the imagination; nor, in a wise and virtuous man, can all the sorrow of the most afflicting adversity ever dry up the joy which necessarily springs from the habitual and thorough conviction of the truth of the contrary system.

Whether the support that religious belief provides to morality is based on the truth of its picture of the cosmos is unclear from these ambiguous words.

Smith's anticlericalism is scarcely open to doubt. Still, to insist that all of Smith's moral and economic thinking hangs together without any reliance on faith or fixed foundations is to overlook the metaphysical entanglements of the key moral premise that Smith shares with all great thinkers in the liberal tradition, the natural freedom and equality of all. Rothschild makes a convincing case that progressive, deliberative, democratic, and anti-foundationalist elements may be found in Smith's thought; but neither their centrality nor their soundness is secured by showing that Smith thought them.

Self-interest informs virtually all human conduct. Generally quite power-



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ful, it is taught by custom and reason and the promptings of the heart to be discreet and to respect limits. But the economic arena emancipates self-interest, encouraging it to come to the fore, to speak loudly and to act boldly. In the economic arena, this is as it ought to be, or at least so Smith memorably maintains in *The Wealth of Nations*, in its most frequently cited passage:

> It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our own necessities but of their advantages.

In the process of proclaiming self-interest the ruler of the commercial world, Smith plainly recognizes, by the name "humanity," the claims of another class of motives. In *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, he examines these motives under the category of benevolence, and argues for their ascendance in other spheres of human conduct.

What happens, though, when the commercial spirit meets the democratic spirit and merges with it? Bent as she is on democratizing the real Smith, Rothschild does not discuss this momentous merger and so falls short of the larger goal that she set for herself, which was to learn from Smith about the challenges that we face in the present. To understand them, it is necessary to recognize how the democratic spirit transforms social life by opening wide the gates of the economic arena to women as well as to men, and to individuals of all classes; and to appreciate the simultaneous movement by which the democratic spirit, opening wide also the gates of other arenas, allows the commercial spirit to enter into spheres that had been comparatively closed off to it, and permits it to crowd out other motives and clear away space for the naked calculation of self-interest and the unsentimental weighing of utility.

Our habits and our vocabularies testify to this commingling of the spheres. We form an increasingly seamless web between friends and lovers, and the business acquaintances with whom we buy and sell and connect and "network." Consider only dating, that subject of which our culture never tires. Dating (as movies and television shows and novels depict it) gives people the opportunity to shop around and to find just the right partner. Until we achieve the perfect fit, we dump boyfriends and girlfriends like traders getting rid of declining shares. Eventually we hope to close a deal and find a partner for life, but having learned to be choosy consumers in the romantic marketplace, it is not easy to cease being constantly on the lookout for a new, improved model. Commercial reflexes have infested the most intimate corners of our lives, unless we actively resist them.

To be sure, friendship and love have always reflected the imperatives of self-interest and economic necessity. Aristotle distinguished between true friendship based on a shared understanding of the good and friendships that are merely useful and pleasant. And marriage has always included an economic component, from considerations of women's dowries and men's worth to the formal legal obligations into which bride and groom enter. But the merger of the commercial spirit with the democratic spirit breaks down the walls and removes the ropes that in the past have restricted the reach of self-interest, and of marketplace calculation generally.

The progress of "economic sentiments" in our time can also be seen in the advent of what David Brooks recently called "the organization kid." Like their namesake, the organization kids are creatures of routine. He and she are students at elite universities. Under the watchful eye of their parents, he and she, since before they can remember, have made all the right moves. They have earned good grades at every level, have excelled in recognized and approved extracurricular activities, and have stayed out of trouble and on the right side of the tracks. At college, he and she keep to a tight schedule, but every once in a while they know how to let go. They stay off drugs, they don't drink too much, and they avoid entangling romantic alliances.

Yet the organization kid differs fundamentally from the organization man. Whereas the organization man did his duty for the sake of duty, organization kids do their duty for the sake of autonomy and choice. They defer to authority because they have determined that it is in their interest to do so; deference, for them, actually represents a denial of authority. They want their piece of the pie, which has grown large and sumptuous and available, and their rigorous routines and their avoidance of risk are carefully calculated to secure it. With the encouragement of their elders, they have become virtuosos of calculation.

Different eras give rise to different cultural dangers. In the heyday of the organization man, a sage of the 1960s took aim against the veneration of the commercial spirit, in the name of what Adam Smith might have called "benevolence," and gently protested that "money can't buy me love." The danger posed by the veneration of the commercial spirit in our own day is that we will forget that the increasingly quaint-sounding anthem of the 1960s was intended as a criticism of money, not as a criticism of love. ■

# CORRESPONDENCE

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## Fighting words

TO THE EDITORS:

Eliot A. Cohen's article ("How to Fight," September 24) does not sound very rational. He suggests that we should spend massively on weapons, as if we already do not spend more than enough with little productive return, even though that means (given the lack of surplus in the budget) cutting money for education and using my Social Security retirement fund for that purpose.

As far as Cohen's example of Israel's assassination of targeted leaders of terrorist groups goes, what result has that yielded for Israel? Certainly not security. Let's be realistic as well as idealistic. Violence and repression yield violence and terror, not security.

MICHAEL B. KAYE
*Chicago, Illinois*

## War torn

TO THE EDITORS:

Lawrence F. Kaplan's criticisms of the Clinton administration's decision to treat terrorist attacks as criminal acts rather than acts of war are thoughtful and well taken. In fairness, however, Kaplan should weigh the wisdom of that decision in the context of its time ("The Day Before," September 24). Absent an assault on U.S. soil of such horrifically demonic dimensions as the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, does Kaplan seriously believe former President Clinton could have won public support for an all-out "war" on terrorists and the nations that harbor them? The American people, on their seemingly endless, dot-com-inflated, good times roll, would no doubt have responded with a befuddled "say, what?" The Republican-controlled Congress would have had a few more-than-discouraging words to say about it as well. Clinton probably went as far as he could, given the public mood and the politics of his time. If Osama bin Laden had struck another remote foreign outpost on September 11—instead of the heart of America—Bush wouldn't have the maneuvering room to go much farther.

STEVE SHENDER
*Aptos, California*



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# WASHINGTON DIARIST

## Quiet Time

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, the train was silent. Grim, tight-lipped, and still. No one looked me in the eye and nodded; thus instructed, I also did not look or nod. In the tunnel underneath the Pentagon, the smell of smoke filled the car, but no one stirred or sighed. Out of the tunnel, the smoking building came into view. A few sobs escaped, and then we returned underground and were silent again. Silent because if we had spoken we would have wailed.

IN MANY WAYS, WE AMERICANS HAVE done well. We have rebounded, and with vigor. The president, who at first seemed choked by his own words, is finding his furied voice. Blood and food and clothing donations overwhelm collection centers; a spirit of volunteerism long mourned in this country seems to have returned. Rows of New Yorkers cheer rescue trucks as they drive down the West Side Highway. Even at the site where the twin towers once stood, exhausted workers listening to the president broke into chants of "USA!" And as the president requested, "the good people of America" have returned "to their shops, their fields, American factories." As a nation, we are rebuilding together. But in our efforts, we have stashed our heartbreak in a desk drawer. If we have grieved, it has been divided, or alone.

THE REST OF THE WORLD KNOWS better. The Israelis, experienced in such matters, were the first: They declared a day of mourning at the same moment they declared a security lockdown. Because they know that national sorrow is not secondary to national security. In a country whose people are divided, and whose battle against enemies is never-ending, they understand the importance of unity in sorrow. Every year, to remember the Holocaust, Israel stops for two minutes. There are similar national pauses to remember the war dead, or the victims of terrorist attacks. It is a purposeful silence. For a moment, there is only grief, and it is as inescapable as the siren that expresses it. Yes, there are many other personal moments of sobbing, moments it is not meant to replace. But for that minute, the grief is national.

BY THURSDAY, THE REST OF THE civilized world was mourning, too. In Germany, millions observed five minutes of silence; public transportation stopped, radio and TV broadcasts were silent, and, the Agence France-Press reported, "people rose to their feet or stopped in their tracks and bowed their heads." At Buckingham Palace, the American national anthem was played in tribute—a stunning first. In Canada on Friday, up to 80,000 people stood for three minutes of silence in front of Parliament, and thousands lined up to sign official books of condolence set up on Parliament Hill. And at noon on Friday, the better part of Europe was quiet for three minutes, as all activity in the European Union ceased.

THE LAG, STATES-SIDE, WAS LONG. WE had been watching the devastation individually and in groups for more than 48 hours, undone by final phone calls, lost rescue workers, scraps of office paper, the differently jagged skyline. The president's early fighting words, dutifully recited, had little effect. It wasn't until Thursday that he announced that Friday would be our national day, a day of prayer and remembrance. Through his press secretary, he urged Americans to take their Friday lunch hour to "attend prayer services at churches, synagogues, mosques, other places of their choosing to pray for our nation, to pray for the families of those who were victimized by this act of terrorism." The idea, though well meant, was wrong. Praying and grieving are different. And taking time at lunch to attend a service of one's choosing is altogether different from a national, secular ritual of shared sorrow. With this choice, the president decentralized our grief, a distinctly Republican solution, and sent it back to local programs of faith. He told us, in effect, that he could lead military action and inspire rescue teams; but for words to ease our national depression, we would have to see our rabbi.

I DON'T BELIEVE WE WANTED TO GO to church. Or rather, not only to church. Everywhere, there were spontaneous signs of community sorrow. A woman at *Roll Call* newspaper sent out an e-mail inviting people to a Friday candlelight vigil on the Mall, and thousands showed up. An NYU student taped up two pieces of butcher paper in New York's Union Square, and passersby began spontaneously to write. "Within 10 minutes, 50 people were there," the student told *The Washington Post*. "People needed a medium to express how they were feeling." Flags, vigils, singing—local expressions all. Yet as a nation, we had nothing but the mesmerizing TV. Which is where, on Friday, we got to watch our long-awaited national ritual of grief.

THE SERVICE WAS MULTICULTURAL but flawed. The Reverend Jane Holmes Dixon, acting Episcopal bishop of Washington, invited "all people of faith ... to say to this nation, and the world, that love is stronger than hate." (Dixon, though, had found herself at the center of the culture wars this summer when she demanded the ouster of one of her own rectors for criticizing the denomination's ordination of women and homosexuals and its blessing of same-sex unions.) As she spoke, I had no prayers of any sort. Prayers of hope—for what? Prayers of need? Of thanks? They seemed beside the point. But it was the service, and not just my spiritual response, that was empty. Conducted in High-Church style, it did not speak to the bone-shaking terror we had just witnessed and felt, nor to the despair we were fighting. Experienced by most of us only on a pixilated screen, it became only a gesture of consolation. Worse, it was only a gesture toward American pluralism. The symbols were manifest: a large, shining silver cross; an imam beginning his prayers in Arabic; a rabbi. Mistaken icons of inclusiveness that remind us of our difference. And of all who were not included—Buddhists, Hindus, and atheists among them. And why slice by religion, then, and not by gender, or sexual orientation, or genetic identity? There is no group of symbols, now, that can unite us but a national one. We've recognized this multicultural effect all along, of course, but, at least then, difference was the point. Now it is not.

BY FRIDAY, ANYWAY, THE DISAPPOINTing service was of little matter; life had begun to return. The trains were no longer silent. A man talked with a colleague about adjusting his Tuesday time sheet. A woman, chatting about her favorite restaurant, wore, without irony, a black baseball cap with words written across the back: "EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED." But we had not made the accommodations, which every religion makes, for a time of collective heartbreak before we hear the sights and sounds of the world again. That moment shows respect for the dead and compassion for the living. It gives permission to loosen, for a short while, the ties that bind us to life. This time, we have missed that moment. Many people who witnessed the towers fall reported on the extraordinary silence as it crumbled. "Everyone waited for a thunderous crash ..." our own David Grann reported from New York last week, "but there was not a sound." Such a collapse deserved a thunder. And such a loss deserves—at least—a collective, minute-long, wail.

SARAH BLUSTAIN



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# The eagle, the elk and the warrior

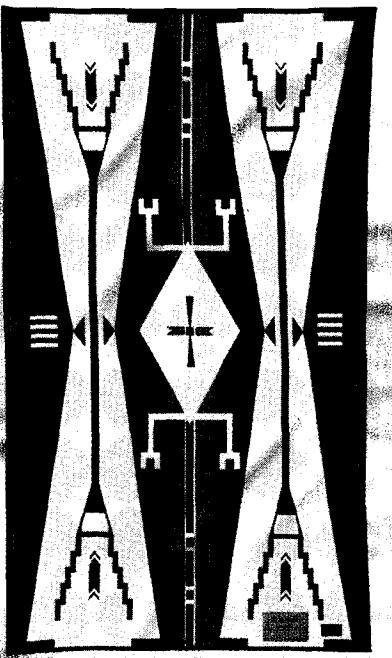
One day, a Cheyenne warrior was hunting alone, on foot. He came upon an elk lying dead by the side of a stream. Trapped in the antlers of the fallen elk was a large spotted eagle. The eagle spoke to the hunter.

"Free me from here," the eagle said, "and I will give you a gift."

The warrior did as the eagle requested. He lifted the elk's antlers and the eagle was free. As the great bird flew away, it said to the warrior, "Go over that next hill and you will see your gift." Then the bird was gone.

The warrior climbed the hill and when he reached the top he looked into a valley. There at the foot of the hill was a horse, its coat the same black and white as the eagle's feathers. This horse was the eagle's gift.

The Cheyenne Eagle Blanket is an interpretation of this legend as told by Ben Nighthorse Campbell. It employs traditional Cheyenne graphics and parfleche design elements to retell the story. This limited-edition saddle blanket, measuring 66" x 40", is the third in the Spirit Series of Native American Blankets. It is woven of pure wool by the Pendleton Woolen Mills for the American Indian College Fund.



Ben Nighthorse Campbell

Thanks to the generous donation of materials and time, 70% of the proceeds from the sale of this blanket go to fund our colleges and our scholarship programs. To learn more, call 1-800-880-5887 or visit our Web site at www.collegefund.org.

The eagle's gift was great because, at that time, a horse could mean the difference between a prosperous life and the struggle for simple survival. Today an education can make that same difference. The generous gift of your support helps our colleges thrive and our people grow.

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*Educating the mind and spirit*

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# School Choice in Cleveland
## The Positive Research Story

In 1995, a bipartisan coalition in the Ohio Legislature expanded educational choices for low-income parents in the troubled Cleveland City School District. The Legislature's action responded to problems of low academic achievement and chronic violence in Cleveland schools.

Through the Cleveland Scholarship Program, parents may enroll their children in private Cleveland schools or suburban public schools. The program has grown from 1,994 students in 1996-97 to more than 4,000 this year.

*Separate research teams at Indiana University and Harvard University* have made independent evaluations of the pioneering Cleveland program. The Indiana researchers identify similarities between Cleveland's program and other school choice initiatives. The Indiana team's most recent report says:

**Parental School Choice is Widespread — Unless You're Poor.**

"Most studies have found that voucher programs, whether publicly or privately-funded, tend to promote more positive parental or family attitudes toward school, increase parental involvement, and result in increased parental satisfaction. In addition, the limited, but statistically significant positive impact on the program on students' academic achievement, particularly as they progress beyond the early primary grades, is consistent with work in Milwaukee, New York, Washington, D.C., and Dayton, Ohio."

***Cleveland Scholarship Beneficiaries***

"The program effectively serves the population of families and children for which it was intended and developed. The program was designed to serve low-income students..." (Indiana University, 1999)

"The average family income...was $16,000...Scholarship recipients were more likely to live in single-parent families and less likely to have a child in a program for gifted or talented students...[R]ecipients were more likely than public school [students] to be African American..." (Harvard University, 1999)

***Achievement of Cleveland Scholarship Beneficiaries***

Scholarship "students in existing private schools had significantly higher test scores than public school students in language (45.0 versus 40.0) and science (40.0 versus 36.0)." (Indiana University, 1999)

Students "enrolled in the Scholarship Program for the full three years continue to perform slightly, but statistically significantly, higher" than public school students. (Indiana University, 2001)

***Parent Satisfaction in Cleveland***

Parents of scholarship students "tend to be much more satisfied with their child's school than other parents...[S]cholarship recipient parents are more satisfied with the child's teachers, more satisfied with the academic standards at the child's school, more satisfied with order and discipline, [and] more satisfied with social activities at the school..."

Parents of scholarship students "remained considerably more satisfied with their school than parents of students in public schools." (Harvard University, 1999)

*Copies of the Cleveland research is available from the Indiana Center for Evaluation* (www.indiana.edu/~iuice/) *and Harvard University's Program on Education Policy and Government* (www.ksg.harvard.edu/pepg/).

baeo
Black Alliance for Educational Options

**For more information go to: www.schoolchoiceinfo.org or www.baeo.org**

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